

The Saturday News

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EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1911

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Jasper's Note Book

The Montreal Standard publishes a most friendly sketch of Hon. Frank Oliver. Referring to his arrival at Ottawa in 1896, it says:—

"Mr. Oliver's first speech was short, but it was delivered with coolness and self-possession.

"The man from the Great West knew not the meaning of stage fright. Perhaps only one point made in that first speech possesses any interest today. It was that containing the reason for the West having taken side against the late Conservative Government in the elections of the preceding June. Upon this point Mr. Oliver said: 'My constituency was carried, not so much on the merits of the policy that was laid down by the leaders of the present Government, as on the demerits of the administration of the late Government during the many years that it has governed the western country. It was a case of 'turn the rascals out.' It was a case in which the people of the North-West were put upon the defensive. They were compelled to fight, and they did their little share towards turning those gentlemen out of office. That was the principle on which they voted in the last election.'

In the light of present circumstances it is interesting to recall the fact that in his first speech in the House of Commons, Mr. Oliver emphatically and even proudly proclaimed that he won his first election to Parliament on the cry, 'turn the rascals out.'

Coming to the latest chapter in the career of the Minister of the Interior, the writer of the Standard article says:—

"He has been charged with many mistakes, but not with worse. 'It is because of this that the wonder grows that he does not dispel the clouds which have so suddenly arisen, by frankly telling how those much-talked of deposits happened to be made in the bank at Edmonton, and from whence came the money. To have a bank account, and even to suddenly increase it, is no crime. In the case of a private individual it is no one's business how it came about or what was done with it. Possibly in the case of a Minister of the Crown it is different. He may be standing on his strict right if he remains silent but is it the part of wisdom? And wisdom often leads one beyond the limit of what is required by strictly legal obligation.'

This is the view which all of Mr. Oliver's friends who combine good sense with zeal on his behalf, will take. The Hansard report of the debate that followed the publication of the story in the Toronto Telegram quite clear the admission

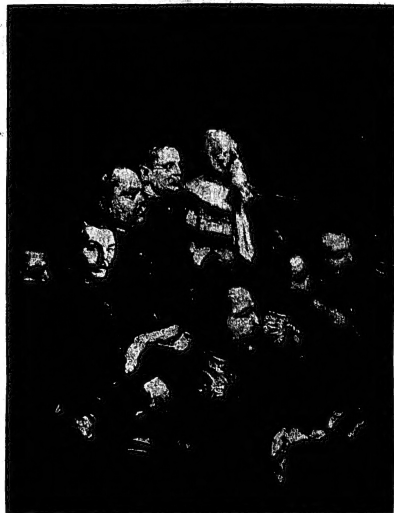
by the minister of the fact that the sums mentioned amounting to nearly \$70,000 were entered in his bank account. This being the case, it is quite obvious that an explanation of their source is absolutely necessary if Mr. Oliver is to remain in public life.

There is no use denying that the public is suspicious of politicians. It has every reason to be as a general thing and no one in a position of responsibility can hope to retain the confidence of the electors and leave any circumstance that gives his enemies a handle against him unexplained.

As a matter of abstract justice Mr. Oliver may be on sure ground when he challenges the laying of specific charges against him and declares that every man has a right to be considered innocent till he is proven guilty. But he is an old enough politician to know how little these theoretical principles hold in the hurly-burly of party strife. Others have had to explain transactions that were perfectly legitimate and that were no concern of the public simply to show that suspicion did not properly attach to them in that connection. This is one of the penalties of our politics and the minister cannot escape from it.

The experience of the late James G. Blaine at a stage in development of the western States similar to that

The Empire's Representatives in London.



In the back row are to be seen Lord Strathcona, Canada; Sir W. Hall Jones, New Zealand; Sir George Reid, Australia, and Sir Richard Solomon, South Africa.

which we have now reached in western Canada may be recalled with profit. In the middle seventies when he was perhaps the most outstanding figure in the Republican ranks, stories were set afloat with circumstantial evidence attached that he had received \$64,000 from the Union Pacific railway, which was asking large concessions at the hands of Congress. Mr. Blaine then being speaker of the House of Representatives. Private letters were said to be in existence, the examination and explanation of which would settle the whole question of the Speaker's guilt or innocence. The demand was made for them in the House. Mr. Blaine arose and denied the right of the public to go into his private affairs but added:—

"Thank Almighty God I am not ashamed to

show them. There they are. There is the very original package."

He then read the letters which had been picked from a correspondence of over fifteen years. After he had laid bare the confidential details of business embarrassments, which, not once with their proper context, were of a nature to incriminate him, he said:—

"The man did his worst, the very worst, he could out of the most intimate correspondence of my life. I ask, gentlemen, if any of you, and I ask gentlemen, if any of you, and I ask it with some feeling, can stand a severer scrutiny or a more rigid investigation of his private affairs."

The result was that Mr. Blaine emerged from the incident that much stronger than before. The

great career that followed would not have been possible, if he had at this juncture stood on his theoretical rights. He would have been completely down and out politically inside of a few months.

In Mr. Oliver's case, no such exhaustive investigation is being asked as in that of Mr. Blaine. He would not be compelled to divulge private affairs to the same extent. All that he has to do is to indicate where this money came from. If it was for a proper purpose, what is there to fear?

The investigation which the committee appointed at Ottawa is to carry on stands little chance of clearing up the matter.

Limited as it is to a consideration of the possibility that the money came from one particular source, there is not much hope of any finality. The only way in which this can be reached is through a candid statement by Mr. Oliver himself. If, as he declares, he is being made the victim of thugs and blackmailers, he should be able to dispose of the whole affair in a few minutes.

The speech given in 1896 which the Standard quotes from is of unusual interest in view of the present situation. If the Laurier government is defeated at the next general election, it will be for the same reasons as Mr. Oliver outlined in his speech as responsible for the downfall of the Conservative administration.

There undoubtedly exists a strong feeling throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion that the government has outlived its usefulness. Everything is ready for a change. But the Conservative leaders are not making anything of their opportunity. Mr. Borden is coming west within the next month and will speak in Edmonton on June 28. It is to be hoped that he will be in a position to announce a policy that is in line with the sentiment of this part of the Dominion. But there is little indication that he will.

The official Conservative attitude on reciprocity has been the essence of folly throughout. It has attacked the Laurier government for proposed changes which Mr. Taft alone is responsible for. The Washington authorities could have acted quite independently of those at Ottawa and the practical effect be the same. It is the changes in the American tariff, not those in the Canadian, that count, and for the former Sir Wilfrid and his colleagues can have no responsibility.

But while this is so, we cannot overlook the importance of the effect which these changes will have in altering the channels of trade and in making us look more and more to doing business with the country to the south rather than with the Old Land.

Such a result is regrettable. But what are we going to do to avoid it? We cannot prevent Canadian producers from selling to the people of the United States, if the latter want to buy from them. But we can mitigate the effect of the change by stimulating trade with Great Britain.

The government has intimated that it has no intention of increasing the British preference. What about the Conservatives? Mr. Borden is on strong ground in urging that the reciprocity arrangements will make the people look to strengthening their connections with the republic to the detriment of those with the empire country. But who is to be blamed for the obvious fact that the increase of the tariff in the United States

In the latter case, we have a the former fact, namely, recently in honor of the United States provincial Conservative Convention, a quotation from Mr. Taft, New York speech:—

"The tariff imposed Mr. Taft, 'which are coming to England and in Canada, and are being by a Chinese wall from the United States, and to make the world an imperial commercial base, reaching from England around the world to England again by a system of preferential tariffs, will de-



THE FRONT BENCH OF THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS

Reading from left to right are John Burns, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Haldane (who has just been elevated to the Lords), Mr. Churchill, Mr. Burrell, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd-George, Mr. Harcourt, Mr. Samuel and Mr. McKenna.

(Continued on Page Eleven)



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Home and Society

The gaiety of the last few weeks is continuing, much to everyone's surprise, and a day that can't count its two or three bridges, one or two dinners, and a few evening parties or so, is voted quite dead.

This week the Bachelors' Dance, and Musical Festival, will also add to the interest of things, and I see little prospect of boredom ahead for anyone socially inclined this summer.

Mrs. Duncan Marshall's luncheon for Miss Essie Ferris, on Saturday, was a very beautifully done affair indeed, the floral arrangement at the table being an exquisite shower of white bride roses, with long white baby ribbon strands, trailing off down from the central vase, twined with lily-of-the-valley, while smaller vases of the same beautiful blossoms made the air fragrant with their presence. The place-cards consisted of hand-decorated favors with saucy cupids merrily ringing great wedding bells.

Mrs. Marshall wore a smart frock of some pretty shade of Dutch blue foulard, with jeweled garniture, and lace yoke and sleeves. Miss Jean MacIsaac was very sweet and pretty in navy blue foulard with plain navy blue satin folds, and the guest of honor looked wonderfully dainty and happy in a lovely little frock of violet shaded silk, veiled in dew-drop net, and a great picture had crowned with lilacs and other bloom.

Mrs. Chas. Fox, Mrs. Dickins' guest, was very modestly gowned in an elegant amethyst toilette, with hat en suite, and the other guests were Mrs. Dickins, Mrs. Cross, Miss Marjory Brown, Miss Ruth Harvey, Miss Yvonne Caudon and Mrs. Balmer Watt.

Mrs. Cuthbert who has been having a charming visit in Baltimore and Washington this winter, has returned looking in splendid health and spirits.

Mrs. Walter Pitfield arrived in town on Saturday afternoon, from Winnipeg, with her infant son, to spend the summer between here and her sister's ranch.

Mrs. Metcalfe left on Tuesday afternoon for Port Hope, remaining over, en route, for a short visit to Mrs. Andros in Regina.

Mrs. Haversham and Miss Viva Sommerville arrived this week from Seattle, where Miss Sommerville has been making an extended visit to her sister.

Mrs. Haversham will spend the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sommerville.

Mrs. Harry Cooper was the hostess of a jolly four-table bridge on Monday afternoon, Mrs. Joseph Morris and Mrs. Muir Frith capturing the two dainty prizes, a charming cut-glass dish, and Maltese lace handkerchief.

Mrs. Cooper received in a lovely white gown with quantities of lace, and Mrs. Wallbridge poured tea and coffee and Miss Edith Webster served the ices, the table being most artistically decorated

with pink carnations, and fern in a glass bowl, on a mirror base, with smaller vases of sweet peas disposed about.

About twenty additional guests dropped in at the tea hour.

Mrs. Herbert Dawson returned at last week-end from an extended visit in the East, where she was visiting Mr. Dawson's people in Petrolia, and also her own children who are at schools and colleges in Toronto.

Mrs. Howard Douglas' Bridge in honor of Mrs. Chas. Fox on Friday last was a very jolly affair, three tables engaging in play, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Brailwaite, and Mrs. Dickins each capturing a beautiful Wedgwood plate.

Mrs. Scott served the ices and Mrs. Frank Smith the tea, and the guests were, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Dickins, Mrs. Scott, Madame Thibault, Madame Martin, Mrs. Brailwaite, Mrs. Metcalfe, Mrs. Swaisland, Mrs. Donald W. Macdonald, Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Rogers, and Mrs. Frank Smith.

Madame Delavault left this week on a visit to her beloved Paris.

Madame Delavault is one of the prettiest and most admired of the French set at the Capital, and though devoted to her home land and home city, is growing to love the land of her adoption and becoming quite reconciled to her exile.

(Continued on page seven)

WHERE THE SHOPS BECKON

This week there opened up in the McLean Block a brand-new candy establishment and ice-cream parlor, Springer & Vasson's, that bids fair to being the most popular centre in Edmonton for high-class goods.

Everything is beautifully spotless and inviting, and the appointments the handsomest and most hygienic, that could be purchased. The soda-fountain is a very grand, ornate affair, with beautiful soft lights inset, while the arrangements for serving cold dishes from the most sanitary receptacles, struck me as particularly good.

Nothing but the very best goods and materials are good enough for this ambitious firm, and a walk through their immaculately kept candy factory, would make any person more appreciative of their delicious and tempting confections.

Everything is manufactured on the premises, chocolates, candy curls, minis, drops, and taffies of all kinds. That they are as good as they look is my own testimony after sampling a box of them.

Mr. Springer is an expert confectioner who has worked with the best firms in the United States and I am sure as soon as people taste his delicious candies, the factory will be running to its capacity.

A meeting of the Edmonton Amateur Dramatic Club and those who are interested in amateur dramatic art will be held on Monday, May 22nd, at 8.30 p. m., at Room No. 36, Dominion Bank Building. All those interested are invited to attend.

STRANGERS

Mrs. Highup. The judge decreed that they should be parted, never to see each other again.

Mrs. Blaze: Are they?
Mrs. Highup: Yes. They are living next door to each other in a New York apartment house now.—Puck.

RUBBING IT IN

The Departing Guest.—"Look here, you know. This is a bit thick. You charge for writing paper, and I haven't used a ball of scrap all the time I've been here.

The Proprietor.—Ah, pardon, m'sieu. It is for the paper on which your bill is made out!"

Jailed the Whole Town Council!

The death occurred in Calgary recently at the age of 82 years of "Judge" Travis, one of the oldest and best known citizens of Southern Alberta. He succeeded Judge McLeod as stipendiary magistrate in 1884.

One of the most noteworthy incidents in his career, and one which will forever live in the history of Calgary, and in the recollection of all the old-timers, was the occasion upon which he was responsible for the jailing of all the members of the town council.

The affair led to his being taken from the bench and superannuated by the Dominion government at a life pension of \$700 a year. Although he was always styled "Judge" Travis, says the Calgary News, he never held any higher position than that of stipendiary magistrate for the Calgary district, and had not held this position much more than six months when the trouble with the town council occurred and he was taken from the bench.

The incident arose over the officiousness of the mounted police or the "Red Coats" as they were termed, coming into the town and searching private houses and stores without a warrant, in the hope of finding liquor, the north-west territories being under the prohibition laws in the early days. The mounted police were in the habit of doing this, and their conduct was resented by the townsfolk.

On one particular occasion two mounted police in civilian clothes attempted to search a store kept by Councillor J. S. Clarke, at present city commissioner. Mr. Clarke was chairman of the police committee of the council at the time, and he demanded that the policemen produce warrants authorizing them to search. They did not do so, and Comm'r Clarke not only opposed their searching his premises but ordered them out. One of them drew a six-shooter and threatened to use it if he was molested, but notwithstanding, Councillor Clarke put him out onto the street. He was subsequently arrested, given a preliminary hearing before the mounted police inspector, and committed to stand his trial before "Judge" Travis, the stipendiary magistrate. "Judge" Travis convicted him, and imposed a fine which he refused to pay and was taken to jail.

Townpeople Angered

His colleagues on the city council supported him, and passed a resolution sympathizing with him, and for this "Judge" Travis tried them all for contempt of court and fined them. They all, with the exception of I. S. Freeze and J. H. Milward, refused to pay their fines, and were placed under arrest. The townfolk were so much incensed over what they considered a gross injustice that they appointed a delegation and sent them to Ottawa for the purpose of having a royal commission appointed to enquire into the actions of "Judge" Travis, who was alleged to be insane.

Judge Taylor, of Winnipeg, who is now dead, was the judge appointed by the government to act as the commission, and the inquiry resulted in the unseating of "Judge" Travis after he had served but six months on the bench as stipendiary magistrate.

Sent Premier to Jail

It was in connection with the same incident that "Judge" Travis sentenced Mr. Cayley, the member for the Calgary district and the premier of the Northwest Territories, to pay a fine for contempt of court. Mr. Cayley, like the members of the city council, refused to pay the fine, and was taken to jail and ordered to be kept there until he either paid his fine or apologized. He, with the members of the council, was released when "Judge" Travis was unseated. The charge against Premier Cayley was based upon the fact that he had upheld the members of the city council and criticized the "Judge's" ruling in

a weekly paper of which he was the editor.

When the members of the council refused to pay their fines, "Judge" Travis made out orders for the seizure of their property. Property belonging to the mayor, George Murdock, and councillor Dr. Lindsay was seized and put up for auction, but no one would bid on it, and the auction proved a fizzle. It was then that the councillors were jailed.

DID SHE KNOW?

He met her one night at a reception and asked her to go to the theatre with him. She accepted, and as they liked each other they went again later. Then it got to be a weekly occurrence.

Finally he got to thinking he was solid enough to go out between the acts, and so he did. For several weeks he worked this and met with no rebuff. But she was thinking a lot, even though she wasn't saying anything.

One evening she said, "Why don't you go to the smoking room to smoke instead of going to the lobby?"

"Is there a smoking room inside?" he asked.

"Of course. You always say that you are going out to smoke, and it seems so useless to have to take your coat and hat every time. And if you thought of it before hand you could buy those cigarettes that you seem to like—the ones that smell like clove, you know—before you come."

He is wondering if she is as wise as she seems, or as innocent as she appears.—Boston Traveler.

A MISNOMER

There is something in words, and while we are talking of universal peace we might alter the name of the Secretary for War. Just drop that aggressive word "war." Our self-governing colonies are doing it, and their combative Ministers are officially Ministers of Defence. That, as a colonial correspondent points out, is just half-way in the matter of words between the aggression of the burglar and the precaution of the householder.—From the London Chronicle.

CITY OF EDMONTON

Assessment Rolls 1911

Notice is hereby given that the Land Assessment Rolls of the City for the year 1911, have been prepared and are now open for inspection at my office at the City Hall, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. on every judicial day except Saturday (and on that day from ten a.m. to mid-day) and that any ratepayer who desires to object to the assessment of himself or of any other person, must within twenty days after date of this notice lodge his complaint in writing at my office.

Dated this 15th day of May, 1911.

D. M. McMILLAN,
City Assessor.

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IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD

With the English cup finding its destination for the next twelve months in Yorkshire, and the completion of the league games, the last word is written in English Association Football for the season 1910-11.

All records regarding attendance at the finals were easily broken, well over 100,000 spectators assembling who were somewhat disappointed at a goalless draw being the result of ninety minutes play, both teams exhibiting that nervousness in front of goal, that rendered them ineffective.

It can be stated in extenuation of Newcastle United's ultimate defeat at Manchester, and their inability to clinch the result at the first time of asking, that they had the misfortune to take the field minus Shepherd, their brilliant centre forward, who was injured somewhat seriously in a sensational league match with Blackburn Rovers, two weeks before the final for the cup.

The injuries sustained were the result of a collision with Ashcroft, and consisted of the ligaments behind his right knee being badly torn, and his removal from the field of play in an ambulance. The medical examination revealed the fact that the luckless crack was suffering from injuries which

would incapacitate him for at least Such a loss almost on the eve of so important an event as the Cup final, was irreparable, seeing that there is not another player in the county with so brilliant a record as Shepherd in front of goal and who has all season commanded the highest admiration for his speedy and incisive football work, and a dangerous marksman for any team to have to contend with.

On the other hand the stubborn game played during the present season by Bradford City, and the fact that it was their first appearance at the Crystal Palace, enhances their victory against such a high class and scientific combination as the United, whom they narrowly defeated by the odd goal in the play at Manchester, and thoroughly deserved to attain the proud position of English cup holders.

Celtic won the Scottish cup at the second time of asking, defeating Hamilton Academicals in boisterously stormy weather, which was all scientific play. The result was two goals to nil, neither goals being scored until nearly the end of the game.

Shelbourne won the Irish cup two goals to one from the Bohemians, in a splendidly contested and even game, typical of an Irish cup final.

The Western Canada Baseball League shows every sign of becoming a stronger youngster than most people thought at the first of the year. As was expected, Edmonton and Calgary, which have been the life of the organization, are well in the lead and their first encounter in Edmonton this week really started the excitement. Monday's game was declared a tie, 3-3, but plainly should have been Edmonton's and will likely be so awarded. Tuesday a good exhibition resulted in another Edmonton win 2-0. Wednesday came the rain.

(Continued on page twelve)

Personal

At the annual convocation exercises of the Wesley College, Montreal, Acting-Principal Paton referred to the coming departure of Rev. Prof. C. E. Bland, who is to become one of the staff of the Methodist Theological College at Strathcona. He declared that he hardly knew how to express his feelings at parting from Professor Bland who was leaving them to go out to Edmonton. There had been such a spirit of union, labor for a common cause, harmony and co-operation that their loss would be very great. They had grown in admiration of his brilliancy of mind, gifts and character, and his going away would be a tremendous loss to the college and the city. The growing invitation of the West had prevailed, and they would follow him with earnest good wishes and regrettably with their memories.

Friends in this part of the west will be much interested in learning that Mr. L. S. Amery has at last found the seat in the Imperial parliament that his ability so well entitles him to. He spent some time in Edmonton in 1909 before and after his unsuccessful attempt to scale Mount Robson. He was returned unopposed for South Birmingham, a seat rendered vacant by the succession of Lord Morpeth, son of Lord Carlisle, to the peerage.

After four unsuccessful attempts to get into the British House of Commons Mr. Amery has received what is practically a gift from his party. Any Birmingham seat is, humanly speaking, absolutely safe for a Unionist. Even in 1906, the year of the Liberal landslide, Lord Morpeth's majority in South Birmingham was 2,900, and all the seven Birmingham seats returned Unionists.

Mr. Amery's first attempt to get into the British House of Commons was in 1906 at Wolverhampton East. Of this fight he tells a good story against himself. In stature he is extremely little,

and when introducing him to the electors at the beginning of the campaign the chairman asked them not to consider Mr. Amery's inches but the greatness of the cause he represented. On that occasion Mr. Amery was defeated by 2,865, but two years later on the elevation of Sir Henry Fowler to the peerage he ran his Liberal opponent to within eight votes. In January 1910, however, the Liberal majority in Wolverhampton returned to 814. In December last Mr. Amery contested Bow and Bromley, one of the London constituencies and Unionist since the preceding January. However the Labor forces were too strong, and Mr. Amery was defeated by 863 by George Lansbury. As a newspaper man Mr. Amery is well known. He entered the London Times office in 1899, and in the same year organized the South African war service of that newspaper. Later he edited "The Times History of the South African War." After his trip of last year to Hudson Bay Mr. Amery wrote a series of articles for the Times on the Hudsons Bay railway and route. He married recently a sister of Mr. Hamar Greenwood, M. P.

"Uncle Mose," said a drummer addressing an old colored man seated on a dry goods box in front of the village store, "they tell me that you remember seeing George Washington. Am I mistaken?"

"No, sah," said Uncle Mose. "I usef'er 'smshmer seeing him, but I done fo'got sence I jined de church."

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ANNOUNCEMENT

We beg to announce for the convenience of the pupils of the High School that from now on we will serve light lunches between the hours of 12 and 1 p.m. daily. We also have our ice and soft drinks ready for you. Drop in and get a cooler.

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Music and Drama

The erection of a fine new new playhouse for Edmonton has been forecasted from time to time. Apparently the large patronage given first-class attractions in the city this season will bring about something tangible before long. Senator Loucheed, in association with W. B. Sherman, is now planning a \$150,000 theatre, which will be constructed along the most modern lines. That it will be a great boon to the capital city and also a good investment for the people promoting it no one can fairly question.

Mr. Howard Stutchbury's retirement from the leadership of Grace Church choir, over which he has presided for over five years back, is an event which should not be overlooked. He has brought the organization to a very high state of efficiency. A long more general lines, there is no musician who is entitled to greater thanks from the music loving public of Edmonton than he.

At all times he has worked unselfishly and energetically. He came to Edmonton from the east with a large reputation in a musical way, being one of the best-known soloists in Toronto. Conditions were very primitive here at that time but as one of a little coterie of enthusiasts he set to work to keep alive the taste for the best things. They have succeeded admirably and to-day Edmonton's musical standing is wonderfully high for a community which has just emerged from the frontier stage. It is to be hoped that the calls of business which have necessitated Mr. Stutchbury's retirement from Grace Church will not lead to a lessening of his activity in other fields of musical effort.

We always like to hear what other people think of something that we have had the opportunity of passing judgment on ourselves. The following from the Chicago Tribune is quite typical of the opinion of the press of that city in regard to the Sheffield choir:

"Unquestionably the Sheffield Choir is one of the world's great choruses. That was settled by the solid, scholarly, and well-balanced performance of the Bach motet for double chorus, 'Sing Ye to the Lord.' But one may assert with equal positiveness that it is not the world's greatest chorus, for in excerpts from 'The Messiah' and 'Elijah' it did not surpass, and many will assert it did not equal, the standards established in these oratorios by the Apollo Club of Chicago; and in the Bach motet and the capella numbers by Sullivan and Thompson, sung as encores, it fell far short of the marvellous precision, responsiveness and flexibility that have made the name of the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto famous throughout the land.

To be esteemed one of the world's great choruses is, however, honor enough, and were it not for the somewhat incautious claim put forward by the management of the Sheffield Choir as to its supremacy in the world of choral music, we would not court the danger of appearing inhospitable by venturing a comparison with our own chorus. Doubtless the English chorus is the greatest in all Europe, as is asserted by many distinguished authorities, but in the light of its achievements yesterday that circumstance can only be a source of much satisfaction to all who believe that representative American musical organizations like the Apollo Club, the Thomas Orchestra, the Chicago Opera, or the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto safely may seek comparison with the foremost institutions of the world."

Probably few Canadians are aware that a Hamilton girl who started in a very humble way on the stage is now one of the wealthiest women in America, owner of four theatres, reputed to be worth \$15,000,000, and the widow of the late Millionaire Cole of Chicago.

She is the elder sister of Julia

Arthur, the famous Hamilton actress, who left the stage some years ago, when she married R. P. Cheney, the wealthy Bostonian. Julia Arthur's real name was Ida Lewis, and her elder sister never climbed to the dizzy heights of dramatic art and popularity reached by Julia Arthur. In fact, Mrs. Cole started in a very humble way, playing the piano for some younger members of the family, who sang in museum shows. Then she went into stock work in one of Mr. Cole's houses, and eventually married the manager. He prospered in the theatrical business, and owned when he died, four of Chicago's best theatres. His widow is now spending a considerable portion of the estate in charitable work.

A vocal contest in which there were participants from various towns along the Crows' Nest line took place at Coleman recently.

The services of Madame Bessie Evans-Duggan, graduate of the Royal Academy of Music, London England, were secured as adjudicator.

Prizes were awarded as follows: First Ladies' Prize, Mrs. Laysum, \$20; Second Ladies' Prize, Miss B. McKinnon, \$10; Third Ladies' Prize, Mrs. J. H. Lee \$5; First Gentleman's Prize, A. McMurdo, \$20; Second Gentleman's Prize, T. Layson \$10; Third Gentleman's Prize, W. H. Haysom \$5.

Albert Chevalier

Chevalier is an artist, for he is a poet as well as a comedian, a humorist as well as a mime. In the exquisite beauty and delicacy of his sentiment and his humor you can see the French and Italian and Celtic strain. The mixture of qualities makes him a marvellous artist who can show you the depths as well as the surfaces of human nature. The tears that Chevalier makes you shed are not maudlin tears. They are tears that make your soul wiser and nobler, and purer and tenderer, for they are the product of honest, direct and unsophisticated emotion. This magician makes you see the eternal simplicity of human nature, the brave goodness of common lives, and the queer loveliness of humble love. There is no mean malice in his mimicry and his caricature, for all he does is steeped in pity and sympathy and compassion. The dramatic humour of Chevalier is a very wonderful thing. It makes you see the very soul of the type he represents, and not merely the external physical mannerisms. His imitations can imitate his physical mannerisms and parody his technical brilliancy, but they cannot steal his spiritual magic. The dramatic humour of Chevalier is a mystery, for it comes from the man behind the actor. It is an imaginative force that breaks through conventions. There is a rich Dickensian quality in Chevalier's art, a strange touching power of making eccentricity and extravagance appear more fearfully and more laughably human than humanity. What is this power? It is the glamour of emotional sincerity, the magic of feeling the human soul so honestly that you also feel its honesty.

It is too. Dickens made us love his fantastic caricatures because he made us wince at their simple human reality. Chevalier makes us wince in the same way. Below his facial droolery, his comic gestures, and his vocal mockery there is the living movement of the living soul that is your soul and my soul and everybody's soul. We are what he sings and what he says, and as we are transfigured into the common life of common humanity, we find ourselves melting into a passionate sympathy of human smiles and human tears. That is dramatic genius, for it makes us alive with the life of our queer human brotherhood, freeing us from our sense of personal isolation, merging our cold egotism in the warm flood of human nature. Dickens does that and Burns does it, and he feels better for their doing of it. An hour

with Chevalier is a release of the soul, an expansion of the spirit, an enlarging of the good, broad human humour that is the very breath in our lungs, and the very blood in our hearts.—James Douglas in London M.A.P.

Chevalier's visit to Edmonton early in June is an event to look forward to.

The Winnipeg Free Press says: "It is pleasing to record the success of the Edmonton Amateur Dramatic Club, though it did win over Winnipeg's contestants, because it proves that the West can, and does accomplish great things purely on its own initiative. It does not have to copy or to emulate in any manner. It has ideas of its own and can put them into execution with excellent effect. Much has already been said regarding the isolated location of Edmonton, from the centre of theatrical productions, and from the regular line of transcontinental theatrical travel. Of course Edmonton does get theatrical entertainment and it is striving for better conditions in that direction, but it does not get attractions of the high grade and variety offered at the several Winnipeg theatres, therefore it is all the more to the credit of the clever Edmonton amateurs that they put on a performance of a high class comedy in such a manner as to win for them the dramatic trophy."

A considerable amount of popularity has attended the production of the modern morality play "Everywoman" in New York. It writes one who has seen in the play the reaction that must set in sooner or later against the homeless, loveless and hopeless tendencies that prevail at present in many phases of what is called society. Pleasure supplants the home, sensation drowns thought, passion takes the place of love and the future only holds death. There are broad colors and strong contrasts of course, in "Everywoman", but the lesson is evidently an acceptable one. In the home is the basis of society. Whatever reconstruction of moral, ethical and social standards there may be, it is pretty clear that the evolution of the home unit will not be the least of the play Truth leads Everywoman home again, and there she finds Love.

The annual musical festival is in full swing as The Saturday News goes to press. The entries are many and the competition keen. Thursday night's gathering should touch high water mark in the line of Alberta musical effort.

FIRST NIGHTER.

ANOTHER TALKING DOG

The wonderful German talking dog will have to look to its laurels. It has now a rival in Diamond Dick, a bull terrier owned by Tom Ford of Allentown, Pa. The German dog can enunciate six words. The Allentown dog can as yet speak only two, but his owner believes that his vocabulary will soon surpass that of the canine wonder of the Kaiser's domain.

About a year and a half ago, Ford conceived the idea of teaching his dog, a very handsome animal, to talk. His efforts have been rewarded with brilliant success. The other day he exhibited the dog in public.

He repeated to the dog several times the question, "From whom shall I get you some milk?" The dog whined, shook his head, cocked his ears, and eventually said "Mamma" about as plainly as a baby learning to talk. The first two or three times the dog said "Mumma, Mumma."

Ford insisted that he should speak plainer, and gradually the dog got out the sound of "a" more than of "u," having an apparently perfect command with his lips of the consonant "m." Ford then asked, "Shall I send for the dog-catcher?" The dog shook his head two or three times and uttered a perfect flood of "No, no, no, no."

Diamond Dick weighs thirty-eight pounds, is handsomely marked in black and white, and has unusually expressive eyes. After his master has persuaded



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him to say either "Mamma" or "No" a stranger can get him to repeat the one word he has in mind at the time, but it takes the master to get him to change from the one word to the other.

HE HATED A COWARD

Miss Grace Strachan, president of the Teachers' Association, of New York, was being congratulated on her successful fight for equal pay for women teachers.

"It is odd," said Miss Strachan smiling, "but the men who most earnestly opposed equal pay were men of the so-called chivalrous type—the type that says women should be protected, women's place is the home, and so forth.

"Protectors of this kind remind me of an old soldier named Carlyle.

"Carlyle, a veteran private, undertook to train a raw recruit. In the first battle Carlyle was heard repeating over and over again to his recruit:

"Be a man lad. Don't duck. Don't duck, I tell you. I'm behind you."—Washington Star.

Man with the Bulging Brow—Wisdom, according to Solomon, brings length of days. You ought to cultivate it.

Man with the Bulbous Nose—Gosh! The days are too long for me as they are!—Chicago Tribune.

The Saturday News

SECOND SECTION

VOL VI, No. 22

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1911

PRICE FIVE CENTS

The Investor

"I thought you told me those lots would double in value in two years, and here's a man offering me exactly what I gave for them."

"Yes, but you forget you gave twice as much as they were worth."

The Great Northwestern Coal Corporation is opening an office in Edmonton. It proposes to operate three large coal mines in the district, with Mr. O. A. Kraft as general superintendent.

The Great West Coal Company has been organized by James and C. C. Dunn with a view of developing coal properties in the Clover Bar district. Scotch capital is said to be interested.

Mr. J. K. Cornwall, M. P. P., has gone to Fort McMurray in connection with the transportation of the shipment of asphalt which it is proposed to test in Edmonton paving operations.

Thomas Bradshaw, who as managing director of the Imperial Life has frequently visited Alberta, has resigned that post to enter the Toronto brokerage firm of A. E. Ames & Co.

The provincial government purchased one quarter section near Vermilion from Thomas Brown for \$8000 and another from H. A. Taylor for \$6000, the two to be used for demonstration farm purposes. The land is close to the town limits.

Mr. Arthur Grenfell of the Canadian Agencies made this statement at a recent directorate meeting in London:

"We should concentrate our attention and our energies upon the development of Edmonton and district. I am myself quite confident that Edmonton is going to tell a very big story some day."

General Sir Ronald Lane, who is associated with Mr. Grenfell in his enterprises, made this interesting announcement:

"I may mention that a sale of land north of Edmonton of 1,350 acres at \$12 an acre is just being carried through to a very large landed proprietor in this country (England), who is arranging for the emigration of some of the best class of young farmers to go and settle on the land he is purchasing; and to make the scheme specially attractive we are following the lead of the Canadian Pacific railway, by erecting buildings and breaking up a portion of the land for each prospective settler, so that he will be able to get a speedy return from his farm."

General Passenger Agent Creelman of the Canadian Northern, states that that railway as a result of its advertising campaign expects this season to place settlers on 25000 homesteads adjacent to its lines.

The C.N.R. proposes to put a second daily train into operation over its main line at an early date. The C.P.R.'s Edmonton-Winnipeg service via Wetaskiwin and Saskatoon commences the first week in June. The trip is to be made in about thirty-two hours.

David R. Forgan, president of the National City Bank of Chicago, makes this statement in the course of a current magazine article:

"It is a marvel to me how the lure of something for nothing continues to attract the average man. As a rule, he only asks the advice of those competent to judge after he has parted with his money and

begins to have his doubts. The Postmaster-General has estimated the annual loss through get-rich-quick schemes at \$100,000,000—all of which might have been saved to the deluded victims if they had selected a banker of good standing and asked his advice before parting with their money. If the average man does not know, therefore, let him ask. Any banker worthy of his position will gladly and gratuitously give him an honest opinion on any investment offered in the market."

The statement is made by two prospectors, Johnson and Willicroft, that silver has been found in Jasper Park near the line of the G. T. P. The geological survey, it may be recalled, has laid down the theory that precious stones are not among the potentialities of the eastern slope of the Rockies.

The following from The Toronto Star Weekly is of decided interest in Mr. Gibbs' Edmonton agitation:

"Here we have a continent almost illimitable in extent, and a new town is starting up almost every day in the year. Some idea of the speed of settlement may be given in the statement that four hundred and eight new post-offices were opened in Canada in 1910. The Canadian Northern Railway, not to mention the new transcontinental nor branch lines of the C.P.R., has opened up five hundred and thirty-three new railway shipping points. No doubt, a great many of these played a very great part in the growth beyond that of a village, but at some of these points towns will arise and develop into cities. In a few cases the growth will be astonishingly swift."

"But with all the room we have on a continent so large, and with all the opportunities we have in town-planning on a continent so new, we go right ahead on the old checker-board scheme, as if nothing else were possible. Is it not curious how the human mind is enslaved to right angles? Calgary, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Regina, Red Deer, all these towns offer valuable lots for sale, and the map of these lots is a checker-board every time."

"In other countries they talk of town-planning, and they go out and spend millions in making improvements which will, in some measure, approach a sensible design for a centre of population. Here we could, especially in the West and in New Ontario, lay out towns and villages with central parks and diagonal streets at the mere cost of putting a surveyor on the job. But we do not do it. We adhere to the straight line and the right angles and the narrow streets. Toronto is badly in need of diagonal streets running northeast and north-west from the centre, and some day, when the population exceeds a million, we tear down miles of buildings and open out such streets. But, perhaps, we shall never go in for ground-plan improvements as in London and Paris, but resort to subways and skyscrapers as in New York. But why not lay out the new towns on artistic lines?"

The exact relation of the Grand Trunk Pacific Development Company to the railway was set forth at the half-yearly meeting of the Grand Trunk shareholders in London by Chairman A. W. Smithers. He reminded them that they had no land given them for town sites. All the land they had obtained was purchased by Mr. Hays through the agency of the Development Company. They had sold

some of the land partially on deferred payments, and more would be put on the market as opportunity offered. The Development Company had undertaken various expenditures necessary for the development of the railway, and which the Grand Trunk Pacific Company had no capital powers to undertake. The company had assisted to finance the fleet of steamers on the Pacific Coast, purchase of lands necessary for the use of the company, purchase of wharves and docks at Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, and elsewhere, providing hotel sites, and other necessary undertakings. The proprietors must always remember that they were a poor company, and that they were doing an immense work with limited means.

Owing to the foresight of Mr. Hays, he had provided, in the Development Company, a means of somewhat reinforcing the resources of the Grand Trunk Pacific Company, and all the ultimate advantages would accrue to the Grand Trunk Pacific Company through its holding of the Grand Trunk Pacific ordinary stock. The proprietors would understand, from all that he had said of the work on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, the branches, and the Development Company, how the future of the Grand Trunk Company was bound up with these undertakings. The greatest difficulty in their way was the scarcity and high cost of labor, which was adding immensely to the cost of construction. The proprietors might rest assured that Mr. Hays and Mr. Chamberlain were doing all that was possible to overcome the difficulties, and were all encouraged in their endeavors by the continued evidence of the growth of the country and the consequent increasing need of the new line.

A great many companies, he declared, had been formed during the last ten years which had opened up the resources of the Dominion, and had been good investments for people in Great Britain, and he thought, on the whole, that those enterprises had been conducted in a highly creditable manner. Still, when a country had been brought so prominently before the world as Canada had been, a word of caution might not be out of place.

The danger to the investing public, and consequently to the credit and the fair name of the Canada, lay not in the efforts of the legitimate promoter, who had good and genuine wares to sell and who courted investigation of his projects—that kind of promoter was good for the investing public and good for Canada; but promoters with a glittering story, who only aimed at making their profits by a market success, careless or ignorant of the real merits of the enterprise, were a danger all round. He was rejoiced to think, that in addition to capital which had flowed into Canada from this country in tremendous amounts during the last ten years, British people were going out themselves in ever-increasing numbers.

For the past few years, Toronto has furnished an example of one of the most phenomenal real estate booms that has seized any Eastern Canadian city, according to British Newsmen in Canada.

Property values have forged ahead at such a rate that the man on the Street is commencing to wonder how long it can continue. And meanwhile, the men on the inside, the men who should know what they are doing, are investing more heavily than ever in Yonge Street land, with an immutable conviction that the future will more than justify the venture.

The rapid enhancement of property values on Yonge Street has become apparent throughout the length of the street from King to Bloor streets. The prices obtained here would appear to bear a relative relationship in the various blocks, but all the transactions re-

sulting indicate the idea on the part of the purchasers that sooner or later there will be a migration of the retail element—at present centralized at the lower end of Yonge street—northward towards the corner of Carlton and College.

This is evidenced by the purchases made during the past two years, covering the corner of Yonge and Ann streets at \$60,000, the corner of Yonge and Grenville at \$100,000, and the south-east corner of Yonge and Dundonald at a rate equivalent to \$800 a foot.

While the corner of Yonge and King streets to-day commands the highest price and indicates the greatest property-earning power in the city, even the most casual inspection of Yonge street transactions tends to demonstrate an idea that is growing stronger daily, namely, that the centre of the Yonge street business activity, will, within a period of no very great duration, be at the corner, or in the immediate vicinity of College and Yonge streets.

The consensus of opinion among people who have made a study of Yonge street and Yonge street values is that the vicinity of the King street corners, and the property extending northerly to Adelaide street, and westerly along King to Bay street, is destined to be the "Wall Street" of Toronto in no very distant date.

In 1909, in a Surrogate Court proceeding, the county judge fixed the property on the east side of Yonge street, between Richmond and Queen, at \$4,000 a foot. Less than two years later, a parcel of land to the south of Richmond street was sold at a figure which was the equivalent of \$8,500 a foot.

In 1899, the premises occupied by the jewellery firm of Ryrie Bros., and subsequently by the Savoy restaurant and confectionery establishment, at the north-west corner of Yonge and Adelaide street, were paying an annual rental of \$10,500 on a forty-foot lot. In 1909, Holt, Renfrew and Company, the present tenants, leased the same property from its owner, Dr. Sheard, former Medical Health Officer of the city, at nearly double that figure, \$20,500 per annum.

Macloed Advertiser: Manager A. K. Henderson, of the Bank of British North America, has been transferred to Edmonton, where a new branch is to be opened. The bank will erect a new \$30,000 building at the capital. It is a promotion for Mr. Henderson, as the many friends he has made during his stay in Macloed, wish him all success at his new post. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson leave on Monday. The new manager of the Macloed branch will be Mr. F. McEae, from Waldron, Sask., who is expected here tomorrow.

The leading Canadian banks are finding it difficult to show anything like the same figures in deposits that they have been accustomed to show for some years past. In fact, during the past six months there is hardly a Canadian bank that has not been greatly disappointed at the increase they have been able to show in their deposit accounts, mainly because they have seen their current loans extending at a rate which would enable them to use considerably more capital if they had it. A very large amount of money going into the banks on deposit, but, on the other hand, depositors are withdrawing a considerable amount, evidently with a view of placing it in different forms of investments.

It rather looks, in fact, as though a great proportion of the Canadian people were finding out that with the high cost of living they could no longer be satisfied with the 3 per cent. they were getting on their deposit accounts in the banks. The number of public offerings that have been made

Edmonton's Chance to Beautify Itself

Some Observations of a Well-known Landscape Architect.

Editor Saturday News.

Dear Sir—It was with great interest I read some time ago Mr. Gibbs' admirable paper on Parks and their functions. I had not the pleasure of reading all his papers, but I am sure they were both interesting and instructive.

I should like to draw the attention of your readers to some of the facts concerning park and city life. I shall divide them into three parts. The first deals with environments, second, healthfulness, third, beautification. Carlyle has said that he dreamt he saw the whole world naked, and he could not pick out the kings and queens. But most of us know better than that. If we observe the different faces we meet in any city, it is not difficult to point to the one of refinement and culture, and to know what kind of atmosphere they breathe. When we build a house, we are very careful that everything in each room harmonizes, even to the nursery. Special care is taken in selecting papers with bright colors, animals and flowers, so that the child's environment may be bright and instructive.

This has been forcibly brought before me since I came to this country. Two young men had just arrived from England and went on a homestead. They were clean and tidy, with bright, hopeful faces. After three years it was with difficulty I recognized them, their environments and mode of living had so changed them.

The second consideration is more essential, that of health. It is said man shall not live by bread alone. This we all agree upon. We know that we must breathe air, or gas of some description, and why should it not be as pure as possible? Trees breathe by their leaves and take in nitrogen and change it into oxygen, and we breathe oxygen and change it into nitrogen.

When in a crowded building the air becomes heavy and depressing, we feel that there is too much nitrogen present, and immediately proceed to open windows to allow a circulation of oxygen. We have reciprocity in nature, for what is life to us is death to plants, and what is life to plants is death to us, therefore we must admit trees are healthy. Often when I see men preparing a piece of ground for building, the first thing they do is to cut down every tree in sight.

The poplar they say is no good for anything. It might be interesting for some to know what the poplars are for, and why we have so many of them in this new country. They have a very important mission in life. They are nurses for better trees. If you see a lot of spruce trees, there you will find the poplar standing high above them as if to protect them from the cold winds. When the spruce are well established the poplars will die off and let the more beautiful take their place. The average life of the poplar is thirty years. I would like our readers before cutting down the poplars to pause and think how long it will be before they can replace them. It is well to know we can add to the lives of the

poplars by pruning their tops and running a knife down the bark to prevent their becoming hide bound. It would be well if we all learned that beautiful poem

"Woodman, woodman, spare that tree,

Touch not a single bough,
In my path thou shaltered me,
And I'll protect it now."

What is beauty? Everything in nature is beautiful if we have eyes to see it. I remember hearing a story of a farmer who went to see London, England. When his friends brought him to St. Paul's Cathedral, they asked him what he thought of it. He looked around the beautiful structure and said it would make a fine barn. No amount of explanation would make that man appreciate the beauties of St. Paul's.

When friends meet, their conversation inevitably turns on their travels, the sights they have seen. If they had visited New York, for instance, they would speak of its beautiful parks and buildings. The same thing applies to most large cities. If you speak of London, one is asked if he had seen Kew Gardens or the Crystal Palace. All this points to the importance of vegetation and sylvan culture.

I should like before concluding to make a few suggestions regarding the beautifying of Edmonton. There is no doubt the example of the Capital would ramify the whole province, therefore it behooves its citizens to make the most of its natural position and opportunities, particularly when we will have amalgamated with our educational centre we will be having the youth from all parts of the province, and it is here they should see everything of the highest and best, and diffuse impressions in whatever avocation they may attain to. Edmonton has not made the most of her position. If you consider the dirty looking bare bank, as one approaches the city from the south, what a beautiful place it could be made. If it were terraced and planted with trees and flowers, with winding walks, seats and water fountain, what a change it would make. The people of the city would enjoy it to the fullest extent. With a drive way around the top of the bank with its beautiful winding valley below, what a picture it would make.

I hope the city will preserve those trees on the Groat Estate. What a boon it would be to mothers, nurses and children to be able to enjoy walks or drives along the river banks. The expenditure on parks so far out of the city is rather premature, more especially as this beautiful bank has been neglected. I think most of us agree it would be rather far to push a baby carriage four or five miles to a park, and it is the young who need the parks. Those who live beside or near the parks do not need them so much, as they have a large breathing space around them. We are laying the foundation of a city. What shall it be?

Yours respectfully,
T. B. MORROW,
Landscape Architect.

In Canada during the past couple of years have evidently indicated to a great many people that there were other forms of investment that looked fairly safe, and yet would enable them to secure 5 to 7 per cent. on their money. In addition, the large increase in the number of bond and stock exchange houses in the different ci-

ties has resulted in the organization of large field forces, and these salesmen have made a point of calling on people throughout the country districts, and showing them how, in a great many cases, their money is pretty nearly as safe as it is in the average bank, and the securities they would purchase would almost be

as negotiable as would money lying on deposit. Of course, during the past few years the deposits in the various Canadian banks have increased at such an enormous rate that the banks find that they do not need such a large capital, but could attend to the big growth of their business from deposits alone, but as it stands at the present time, it rather looks as though it would not be very long before the banks would have to adopt a somewhat different policy, and be able to get their money rather from capital account, than to depend on the steady growth of their own deposits—Canadian Courier.

That interest in real estate is a mere western phenomenon was disproved very clearly by Mr. James Scott in a recent address before the Winnipeg Real Estate Exchange. He not only told of much that he saw in his travels in Europe and the Orient, but he also gave some interesting sidelights as to foreign methods of dealing in real estate and quoted such prices as he was able to obtain in some of the cities he visited in Africa and Europe. He found that a French and Danish syndicate was employing the latest modern methods in exploiting a subdivision near Cairo, Egypt, and that they have already realized a large profit from their operations.

In the Italian cities he found that it was practically impossible to purchase central city properties, and the ways of the Italians in handling realty are weird and wondrous when viewed from our standpoint. Imagine for instance, the complications which must ensue when a seven-story building is owned by seven different persons, one person to a story. They are not joint owners of the entire building, but each proprietor is the owner outright of one separate story in the structure.

The prices of real estate quoted by Mr. Scott were all in dollars and cents for square metres, about 40 square inches, and while in some cases they were cheap in others they were fairly high.

Rain fell copiously all through Alberta at the first of the week. It could not have come more opportunely, and the prospects everywhere are of the brightest. More is said to have fallen in Southern Alberta in 36 hours than during the whole of May and June last year.

Commissioner Butchart thinks that the Edmonton assessment for 1911 will exceed last year's by ten million dollars.

Plans and specifications are being prepared for subways where the C.N.P. and G. T. P. tracks cross First, Namaya and Syndicate.

Albert J. Peters and Henry Graefe of Sandusky, Ohio, were visitors to Edmonton this week. They took options on some western property.

Senator George Cox of Toronto, spent some days in Edmonton this week, returning from California.

The report of Professor Orton of the University of Ohio on the results of his investigation into the commercial value of the clay deposit in the Edmonton district has been received by the Board of Trade and will be used extensively in the work of promoting new industries.

L. Grant MacGregor, chief engineer of the Alberta central railway, visited Winnipeg this week on his assignment as the head office of the railway in Ontario. Mr. MacGregor is in connection with the letting of the contracts for one hundred miles of construction to be done this year on the Alberta Central and west of Red Deer. Mr. MacGregor met the contractors about three weeks ago, and arranged for the letting of the contracts. "Our object," said Mr. MacGregor, "is to hurry the work through, and this is the part of the business we are trying to arrange with the contractors, as they want more time. Western railway contractors are over crowded with work, and they do not care to handle any new proposition unless they can get plenty

of time. It is quite likely that we may call for new tenders, as the contractors' prices have been very high."

The Alberta hotel, hitherto conducted by Jas. McAllister & Sons, at Vegreville, has changed hands, having been purchased by J. B. Mercer, the wholesale liquor dealer of Edmonton. The consideration was \$37,000.

The building to be erected on the property now occupied by C. Lyons, the Men's Clothier, 277 Jasper East, will no doubt be one of the most beautiful structures in the city. It will likely be seven stories high.

"THE BELLS"

The story of "The Bells," which Mr. John Griffith is presenting this season with Miss Edith Totten as his leading support, is most interesting. It tells of the murder of



Mr. John Griffith at the Empire "The Bells," in "Faust," "Othello," and this week

a Polish Jew by Mathias driven to by the realization that his home was to be sold under him and his wife and child thrown upon the world. The Jew carried a great deal of money—was a trader. Mathias stole the money and became the richest man in the village. But ever after, on the anniversary of the murder Mathias hears the ringing of the sleigh bells that the Jew's horse carried on the awful night. Fifteen years after the murder, Mathias marries his daughter to the commander of the troops stationed at his home and, on the night of their wedding, retires in a room alone to sleep. A few days before the wedding he had met a mesmerist who greatly impressed and worried him. While sleeping alone this night he dreams, and this dream is portrayed on the stage, that he is under the influence of the mesmerist, and, before a Court of Justice, for the murder of the Jew, tells in detail his awful crime. He is awakened by his family and friends in the morning, from the dream whose awful effect kills him. Mathias, who has never been suspected, dies without anyone knowing he committed the crime. It is a great lesson in conscience—see it! It was the late Sir Henry Irving's first and greatest success.

Mr. Griffith opens his engagement on Thursday, May 18, at 8 p.m., Friday evening, Othello, and Saturday closing with The Bells.

WOMAN AND HER SKIRTS

By Dion Clayton Calthorp

"Admire me," said the Green Caterpillar, drawing herself up to her full length.

"Admire you!" said the cloud of Butterflies, uttering.

"I am the best dressed insect in the world," said the Green Caterpillar. "I see that human beings have decided to copy me.

Observe me. I am the same shape all the way down. Isn't it beautiful?"

"You are absurd," said a Peacock Butterfly; "you are merely ugly."

The Green Caterpillar gave her a look of conscious superiority. "My dear Fly," she said, "I am quoting from the papers. Common Sense and Hygiene."

A ripple of laughter from the Butterflies.

"You may laugh," said the Caterpillar, haughtily; "but you will copy me. I am the newest thing."

A White Butterfly, on whose delicately shaded wings the morning sun shone, answered languidly. "Do you suppose," she said, "that we are to be moved by those old bores of Common Sense, or Comfort, or Hygiene? All these things belong to a microbe-mad age. Hygiene, my dear girl, is

give you. But this woman is terrible. Where is her charm?"

"We are doing away with charm," said the Green Caterpillar contemptuously. "That belongs to the Middle Ages. Besides, regard the woman; see what a blessing—as the papers say—these garments will be to the stout."

Almost on the word there appeared a lady to whom Nature had granted one of those magnificent and womanly figures of full but grand proportions. In Greek draperies she would have looked like a goddess. In flowing skirts she would have seemed a queen. As it was she looked like an elaborate advertisement for a Turkish bath. The fine freedom of her limbs was rendered hideous by the bags she had encased them in. The neat turn of her ankle was disfigured by a grotesque frill. The long fine line of her body and the ripple of her movements was cut by an ugly coat designed to disguise the fact that she wore trousers. She looked depressed and nervous, for Fashion had forced her to hobble last season and this season she was condemned to straddle. Anatomically she was utterly unfitted for her mock masculine attire.

"There's a woman now," said Green Caterpillar.

With one accord the Butterflies flew round the woman to protect her. They flew before her to take the pain from her eyes. They made beautiful patterns in the sun, looking like dainty women in frail skirts of rare colors.

"Take them off," they whispered to her. "Venus never was meant to wear trousers. Diana can not wear divided skirts."

She passed on and was lost to view, and the other woman on the seat soon followed her.

And then a man came and threw himself down in the empty seat and groaned.

"I can't do it," he muttered.

"I can't do it," he muttered.

"Who is he?" asked a Red Admiral.

"He," said the Green Caterpillar disdainfully, "is a fashionable novelist."

"I can't write it," the novelist was saying, all unconscious of his audience. "I can't write: 'The child, filled with a sense of impending disaster, clung to her mother's trousers. It's impossible. I can't write: 'The other woman looked at her and then sat down deliberately and hitched up her divided skirts, conscious that she was perfectly trousered, while Clara, at the supreme moment of her life, knew that her continuations bagged at the knees.' It is too much, I must wait for the next fashion or turn the book into a historical novel."

"Poor fellow!" said the Red Admiral.

"Silly ass!" said the Green Caterpillar. "Those are the kind of people who want to keep women under the subjection of the skirt, mere sentimentalists. We have outgrown all that nonsense. Observe me. I am the fashionable figure, the same both sides. I do not complain."

The novelist, pale and wan, left the seat, and for a moment the gardens rested in peaceful quietude.

Then through the air came the sound of swishing silk, a delicious sound—frou-frou, it went, frou-frou. An angry light beamed in the Green Caterpillar's eyes.

A girl came swaying down the path. She wore a long skirt of flimsy, delicate material, and she held a bunch of it, all soft and snuous, in her right hand, and as she walked a little mischievous wind blew a kiss at her and ruffled her hair and stirred her skirt so that a filmy froth of white lace peered out to see who blew so naughtily, and below the soft edges of the lace was a neat, trim ankle and a small arched foot.

The girl's whole body moved peacefully as she walked, and the line of her long form showed as her skirts moved this way and that; and a delectable perfume floated from her. She was all woman, all teasing, arch, tender, delicious woman from the tips of her senseless white gloves to the voluptuous curls of her petticoats and the comfortless bewitching tilt of her hat. A splash of golden sunlight caught itself in the tendrils of her hair, and happy

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woe to the man who was caught in the mesh of her eyes. And she had the budding figure of young things, like an apple blossom, a rose unfolding, and a young bird.

The hint of her petticoat was of exquisite propriety, and the undulating folds of her skirts of absolute charm and innocence. Common Sense, Comfort and Hygiene vanished like grim ghosts before the frailty of her springlike beauty. April incarnate with tears behind the sunshine.

Then the Butterflies looked at the Green Caterpillar, and the Green Caterpillar crawled away and spun herself a fine cocoon, and out of the cocoon after many

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days there came a Butterfly all soft and white—D.C. Calthorp in the Daily Mail.

HOME AND SOCIETY
(Continued from page two)

On Friday evening Mr. James A. Powell, one of the most public-spirited but modest of Edmonton's citizens, tendered the cast of "The Tyranny of Tears" and some of their friends, a dinner at Lewis' Cafe, the affair being given to mark the winning of the Earl Grey Trophy by the local amateurs.

It is one of the surprising and delightful adventures of life, that it is from the quiet and unassuming men in a community that appreciation and encouragement is most often manifested. The dinner in question was a demonstration of my argument. Personally Mr. Powell was too shy to be present. He put it "too busy", but he sent a letter and a proxy, and a good one at that—Mr. Bennet, to tender his guests his congratulations, and to wish them a happy time at the feast.

Perhaps it was as well that the host never put in an appearance. Had he, he could never have won a same-sized hat in future, for everybody stood up and told Mr. Bennet what a splendid good fellow his principal was, and indeed, even the proxy took a fancy to it, himself, and said that whereas he had landed in town on his uppers, that diamond in the rough, that capital good fellow, their host, had provided him with soles for those uppers.

It was a jolly, delightful feast all around, with the best of everything on the menu, and some speeches that would do credit and add interest, to any gathering.

Mrs. Murphy spoke, laying stress on the fact that whereas in the past Edmonton had talked wheat, real estate and mixed farming, now she could add as a by-product Culture and Art, two commodities not commonly supposed to flourish this far West.

Mr. Nash thanked the cast for their help in landing the trophy, and voiced his appreciation as the producer of the play. Mr. Powell for his hospitality. Then followed Mr. Barford, whom both as a pioneer amateur actor in these parts, and as a sterling, talented and courageous musician, deserves to be written down, patron saint of Music in the annals of the Capital City.

One suggestion he made is worthy of particular mention. He urged the Dramatic Club of Edmonton to walk hand-in-hand with Music. When music was introduced in their plays, to have it good music, sensible stuff, not demi-semi quavering bosh from the first violins.

"Hear! Hear!" say I. It's time the tremolo passage were called in.

Others who spoke included: Mr. Jennings, Mr. Gibbs, Mr. Dickins, Mr. and Mrs. Balmer Wall, Mr. Robinson and Mr. Reynolds.

From the newspaper men came kindly encouragement. May I say that in The Journal and The Saturday News the Dramatic Club have ever enjoyed the best of friends.

The guests at this happy party were Mr. and Mrs. Dickins, and Mrs. Fox, Miss Cornelia Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. Soars, Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. Barford, the Misses Cauchon, Mr. and Mrs. Belmer Wall, Mrs. Arthur Murphy, Miss Bleasdale, Mr. Reynolds, Miss Aloysia McKenny, Mr. David Robinson, Mr. Ray Farquharson, Mr. Harry Williams, Dr. Woodrow, and the Messrs. Bowman.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Soars had a congenial little gathering of friends at the tea hour to meet Mrs. Robinson, of Belfast, Ireland, who with her son, Mr. David Robinson, has been her guest for the past week.

The cosy little home looked very inviting, with great brass bowls of daisies disposed everywhere and groups of women sipping tea and enjoying a quiet chat, without the usual accompaniment of rush, and a din of voices all talking at the one time.

The young hostess looked very

ed everyone who had the pleasure of meeting her.

Mrs. Hume poured tea and Mrs. T. W. Lines served the ices, and some of those who were there; were: Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Barnes and Miss Phyllis Barnes, Mrs. Griesbach, Mrs. Wallace Macdonald, Mrs. Henwood and Mrs. Cautley.

Mrs. Swaisland has asked me to mention the loss of a heavy silver-handled umbrella, with the initials "M.J.M." on the knob, which she prizes very much, and to ask if she has left it in the house of any friend, if they will telephone her or kindly return it.

Mrs. Muir Frith was one of last week's smart hostesses, her Bridge of five tables on Thursday evening being one of the pleasantest parties of an extraordinarily gay week.

The hostess received in a pretty soft gown of cowslip silk crepe de chine, with Persian embroidery.

Miss Jean Malsacs played the wedding march, and about fifty guests, old-time friends of the bride and her family, crowded the pretty drawing-room as the bride entered on the arm of her brother, Dr. W. D. Ferris, who gave her away.

Following her came two dear little flower-girls, Eileen Driscoll and Katherine Ferris, of Nanton, a niece, both in charming white silk mull frockies, inset with the finest of lace, wide satin sashes, and saucy poke bonnets wreathed in flowers. They carried big baskets of pink roses and fern, and were the bride's only attendants.

Miss Ferris herself looked radiant, her gown of soft white Liberty satin, veiled in Ninon, with exquisite chrysalis trimming and veil and orange blossoms, becoming her wonderfully. Her bouquet was a neat shower of Bride roses and Lily-of-the-Valley.

Mr. Hunt was unattended. Rev. Dr. McQueen performed the cere-

it was, and everybody congratulating him, Mr. and Mrs. Driscoll, Mr. and Mrs. Wallbridge, Mrs. H. Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. McQueen and many others.

On Thursday night Mr. Hunt's many journalistic associates and friends, banqueted him at the King Edward, and told him what a jolly good fellow he was. I can speak for him as a clever and hard-working young journalist, and I am sure everyone who knows both him and his bride, will join me in wishing them long life, good health, wealth, if they want it, and all happiness.

Mrs. Harold Richards left early in the week for Winnipeg, to visit Judge and Mrs. Richards.

Mrs. Richards is only slowly convalescing after a severe operation, and it is hoped the change will do much towards hastening her recovery.

The patronesses for the Bachlois' Dance are Mrs. Percy

and Mrs. Wallace Macdonald presided, the table being gayly decorated with crimson carnations and fern.

On Saturday, when Miss Webster carried off a fascinating number of dainty table accessories for her new house-to-be, Mrs. Hislop looked very pretty in a white serge costume and Miss Newlands wore a girlish gown of brown voile. Mrs. Cooper and Mrs. Webster did the honors at the table.

I am holding over the account of Mrs. Barnes' Military Euchre, given for Miss Bate of Ottawa, on Wednesday night, until our next issue, space reserved for the Society notes being already overcrowded.

Mrs. Turnbull was the hostess of a smart little tea on Thursday in honor of Mrs. George A. Cox, of Toronto.

Mrs. Cautley will receive on Tuesday next for the last time this season.

Government House was the scene of a delightful luncheon on Wednesday, when, although it was pouring outside, and the wind blowing at a sixty-mile-an-hour gallop, the guests bidden to the party braved the rigors of the climate, all wearing their best bibs and buckers, and seemed to enjoy themselves the more for the stormy conditions out of doors.

Mrs. Bulyea received her guests in a lovely toilette of coin-spotted black moire silk, veiled in heavy silk fish-net, with very handsome jet appointments.

The table was a blaze of golden daffodils, against a polished mahogany background, further enhanced with filmy lace doilies and lit by golden-shaded candle-lights.

Those invited to attend, were Mrs. Bulyea's house guests, Mrs. Warner of Winnipeg, and Mrs. A. C. Patterson of North Portal, who will remain on at Government House until next week, Mrs. Torry, Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Stocks, Mrs. Burley, Mrs. McQueen, Mrs. M.J. McLeod, Mrs. Hughson, Mrs. Gillespie, and Mrs. F. W. Patterson.

Mrs. Chalmers, 15th St., was the hostess of a very enjoyable tea on Wednesday.

The Misses Murphy entertained at a small bridge on Monday night.

THE CLIMAX

Unique among modern stage offerings and serving as the pion-

eer of the new drama, comes "The Climax", a play in three acts, by Edward Locke, which will be seen for the first time in Edmonton, at the Empire Theatre, next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 22, 23, and 24.

While "The Climax" has been seen in but a few cities outside of New York, it is already as well and favorably known as though it had been a friend of the entire country for years.

When Mr. Joseph Weber produced the play seven months ago, at his own theatre in New York, the author—Edward Locke—was unknown, and the production was looked upon in doubt. Today "The Climax" is acknowledged the greatest play in years, and Mr. Locke recognized as one of the most promising American reviewers. Mr. Weber found a gem of purest dramatic ray serene when he discovered "The Climax". He undoubtedly paved the way for a new class of play. The betterment of the American stage has long been the subject of discussion and the answer to the argument seems to have come in "The Climax". In the play the author has hit upon a new theme, and with the assistance of Joseph Carl Breit, who composed incidental music which forms so important a factor in the delightful play, has worked it out in not only a most agreeable manner, but as one of the most artistic bits of stagecraft in a long while. He works up to it with sound dialogue which has a human quality. The scenes have that natural aspect which suggest life as it is lived by real human beings and not by stage puppets and one frequently feels that he is watching proceedings taking place within four walls of a room rather than three sides of scenery and a proscenium arch, and that is the aim and hope of every dramatist.

THE TORPEDO FISH

The torpedo fish, known to scientists as the torpedo electricus, are the electric catfish of the Nile. They can give an electric shock similar to that of an electric Leyden jar. This is useful to the fish in stunning prey and in confounding their enemies. This shock, like any other electricity, may be conducted through a metallic substance, and is often unpleasant, though not dangerous. It is conveyed through an iron spear or knife, so that the person holding either of these implements may receive a shock when it comes in contact with the fish.—St. Nicholas.



Scene from "The Climax," at the Empire Theatre next Monday.

eries, and the artistic home made a pretty setting for this very jolly gathering.

Mrs. Fox, the guest of honor, who wore a very handsome black velvet gown, with cut-steel accessories and silver net, carried off the first ladies' prize, a beautiful Dolton jug. Mr. Cautley won first man's, an artistically framed picture, and Mrs. Metcalfe and Mr. Percy Hardisty were also awarded favors for having the two most modest scores.

Some of those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Fardie, Mr. and Mrs. Cautley, Mr. and Mrs. Swaisland, Mr. and Mrs. Dickins and Mrs. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Beck and Mr. Charles Beck, Mrs. Donald W. Macdonald, Mr. Percy Hardisty, Mr. and Mrs. Balmer Wall, Mrs. Metcalfe, Mr. MacMahon and Mr. Townshend.

Mrs. Turnbull entertained two tables at Bridge in honor of Mrs. Fox on Monday night, when Mrs. Dickins and Mrs. Braithwaite captured the very attractive prizes.

Miss Seymour left last Thursday to visit her brother, Mr. Horace Seymour, in Red Deer.

Mr. Seymour has bought a cosy cottage in that pretty enterprising town, and I believe Miss Seymour intends presiding over the little household, at least for the summer months.

Wednesday, May 17th, was unfortunately a wretchedly wet day, for the Weather Man to dole so sweet and happy a bride as Miss Essie Ferris, nevertheless the wedding passed off quite as happily within doors, as if the Sun was shining his brightest on the other side of the window panes, more happily, because it was a pretty symbol that no matter how cold and dreary the world is, it is always sunshine when two loving hearts keep love burning within the home.

May 17th was the wedding day of the bride's mother, and at the same hour, 4:20, these many years, after, the sacred ceremony was performed over her daughter.

mony, after which the guest-showered hosts of good wishes and kisses on the bride and congratulated the lucky man who had the good fortune to win her as his wife.

The wedding-breakfast was served in the cheery dining-room of a huge hall composed of Lily-of-the-Valley, roses, and fern, being suspended over the table, which was centred with a shower of Bride roses, and festooned with lovely wreaths of Lily-of-the-Valley and white satin streamers.

After a delicious breakfast was served, many speeches made, and more toasts drunk, the young couple retired to prepare for the journey; the bride going away in a smart grey tailor-made, with a jaunty grey turban, trimmed with black and white feathers.

The honeymoon will be spent in Cleveland and other American cities.

A beautiful collection of presents attested to how many friends both bride and groom have at the Capital, the gifts ranging from handsome silver, cut-glass, and china, to some very substantial cheques.

Some of those noticed at the ceremony were: Mrs. Ferris Sr. in a rich toilette of black silk, veiled in Marquise, with hand some black silk lace and fringe. Mrs. W. D. Ferris in modish rajah silk with Persian garnitures, and large black hat with pink roses. Mrs. George Ferris, of Nanton, in lovely white Liberty satin and a striking black picture hat. Mr. Alex. Taylor, whose birthday

Barnes, Mrs. F. C. Jameson, Mrs. A. F. Ewing, Mrs. D. L. Scott, Mrs. W. D. Ferris, Mrs. T. M. Turnbull, Committee: J. Brennan, R. W. Lines, T. C. Douglas, A. E. Nash, E. L. Ferris, E. Reynolds, A. D. Harris, J. Rogers, H. Helliwell, W. R. Barnes, secretary-treasurer.

The Stratcona Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire have invited the cast of "The Tyranny of Tears," to produce that play in Stratcona under their patronage in about four weeks' time. There will be a meeting of the members of the Edmonton Amateur Dramatic Club and all those interested in amateur dramatic art on Monday next, May 22nd, at 8.30 p. m. at Room No. 36, Dominion Bank Building.

Another of last week's indefatigable hostesses, was Mrs. Hislop, who gave three parties, a four table Bridge on Wednesday night for her guest Miss Newlands, when the young people played; a Bridge on Thursday, four tables with about forty tea-guests who later dropped in, and a Doyley Shower for Miss Edith Webster on Saturday afternoon.

At the Bridge, when Mrs. Parjee, Mrs. Balmer Wall, Madame Thibaudau, and Mrs. Lane carried off the pretty prizes, Mrs. Hislop wore a charming grey poplin frock, with chrysalis and jewelled garnitures, Miss Newlands being gowned in an attractive white frock, all lace and insertions.

In the tea-room Mrs. Turnbull

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"The God would not be pleased should you be soothed."—Emerson.

You the race has left behind,
You that taste ill fortune's stings
In defeat your triumph find—
'Tis of you my poet sings!
You that grasped but could not bind.
And whose promissory springs
Grew but harvest for the wind;
You whose loves took errant wings
And whose faith the years have seized.
Slain by treacheries dragon toothed—
Yet the God would not be pleased Should you be soothed.

It was thus, that you might find
The deep heart of human things;
Otherwise had you been blind.
Missed the truth that sharing brings.
Welcome fates howe'er unkind,
Take your stripes, your chastenings
With an uplift, cloudless mind—
'Tis of you my poet sings!
'Twas not meant your road be smoothed;
For the God would not be pleased Should you be soothed.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

I notice by a clever but saucy article in the Winnipeg Free Press, that Mrs. C. P. Walker who stage-managed "The Chimes of Normandy" which carried off the Musical Trophy in the Earl Grey Competition, has little sympathy or love for amateur actors, or their theatricals.

I love Mrs. Walker, the Sinner, but I don't agree at all, at all with her conclusions in this case. "Ever since that week of amateur effort," Mrs. Walker writes, "I have been wondering why the general public takes any interest at all in amateur performances, also why amateur performers are indulged in where regular finished professional performances are available."

"What is to be gained by them?" she asks, and "why do people like to take part?" Following which she draws a very amusing picture of the trials and tribulations of the stage manager who puts on a local production, and touches whimsically on the common trait of actors—whether amateur or professional—their inordinate love of praise, or press notice. In this connection she says:

"Amateurs only resemble professionals in one thing—and that is their love for laudatory criticism. Did I say criticisms? I was wrong, I should have said press notices, for amateurs do not want criticisms. They want flattery, and plenty of it. There is a slight difference between professional and amateur in this love for praise in the public press. The professional sometimes may have no doubts as to the real sincerity of such praise. In fact, he may be able to trace it directly or indirectly to his clever press agent or manager, whereas the amateur absolutely believes all the adjectives, no matter how ridiculously extravagant they may be. This is one reason why I never approved of the custom of 'letting amateurs down easy,' which prevails in most dramatic critics. Of course they can scarcely be judged according to a professional standard, but they can at least be told wherein they are incompetent or capable. If this were done, frankly and without favor, we would be burdened with fewer colorless amateur performances. It is a downright sin to feed amateurs all the flattery they can and

will accept. It is an injustice to them and their prospects if they have real talent, for straightforward criticism will do more to foster real talent than will fulsome praise; and it renders the stage manager's position almost untenable, because they feel they 'know it all.'"

I suppose everyone, the world over, whether an actress or just a plain everyday person, wants to be liked. It is a common weakness. Everyone covets praise. Perhaps, too, a written word has more power to offend them than a spoken one. I believe this to be so, and that it explains the reason why there is so much heart-burning over uncomplimentary publicity. At any rate, criticism, whether personal or professional, is always a hard pill to swallow, and actors have no special claim to making any worse faces than the other fellows when it comes to taking their medicine. Again there is another aspect of the case.

Is all criticism legitimate, and is a person to be blamed for resenting injustice and an obviously unjust finding?

It is easier for a cub reporter to be smart at another's expense, than to show cleverness or originality on his own account.

I don't blame an actor, whether amateur or professional, who resents being made the butt of an inane reporter's jokes. Legitimate work has a right to legitimate criticism. Besides how often do you not find out that it is the singer, not the sin, the so-called critics are aiming at, and that in many cases he is grinding a personal axe under the cover of a public duty.

I am in love with my profession. I think it is the finest work that any man or woman could aspire to and I believe in the ethics of my trade, and in doing my best to maintain its high standing in a community, but for all that I think that great many persons who are attached to it are a public disgrace to the name of journalism, and that by their unfairness, their meanness, and their lack of cap ability, they drag the name of the profession in the dust.

Nor is unfairness a special attribute of journalists. Take home criticism generally and what is it worth?

In connection with "The Tyranny of Tears" we had a shining example of how far some local critics will go in reading the riot act. One man suggested stopping the cast by force from leaving Edmonton, maintaining that to allow them to appear in the name of this fair city was a crime.

On our arrival home with the trophy, he said that he only criticized us for our own good. "The same old fairy story we heard in our youth about spankings we had to endure hurting our dear parents and guardians 'more than they did us.'"

There is criticism and criticism. The unbiased variety is worth its weight in gold. Any sane man or woman who resents it is an idiot. But when criticism develops into personal abuse then I maintain every man has a right to stand up for himself. Should amateurs require more tender handling than professionals?

Yes, I think.

Do you expect an amateur gardener to know the secrets of grafting and producing growths like his professional brother?

Do you look on the amateur cricket field for a first ready-made? And do you expect from a dilettante, or a beginner, the finished stage-craft of the man or woman who is making it his life profession?

One would not plead for mercy so much, as tempering justice with that quality. Tempering is such a splendid word, suggesting thought and care; the hand of a steady man.

One does not strike a child for not knowing a thing. The wise teacher explains the difficulty. And so I would have amateurs pointed the way, not crushed with abuse. The old golden rule, after all, sums it up. Critics the world-over, would do well to paste it over their desks.

But when I plead for kinder criticism, I must not be mistaken as desiring fulsome praise, indiscriminately administered. One is as insulting as the other. What I do ask for is sanity, a proper consideration of the circumstances, and then—justice.

Why are the public interested in amateur theatricals? I don't know, unless they like sport for sport's sake. Not so much acting, for so much money doled out. The same reason that they prefer amateur sport to the professional variety.

For myself I like ability in either class. And I can truthfully say that I have seen as much cleverness among amateurs as I have among their professional brethren. Coaching can, of course, accomplish wonders. I am talking now of native ability.

I think too that local interest makes to a great extent for the appreciation of amateur efforts. But there you have a rule that works both ways. The very fact that the audience personally knows the members of the cast, makes them that much more critical.

Where La Belle Parisienne could stalk through a tragic situation and have her audiences keyed up to high G, poor little Maisie Day, whose daily walk in life is side by side with most of her auditors own, knows that something like this is being said of her:

"My dear, catch on to the airs and graces of our little Maisie! Doesn't she just think she's doing it?"

The knowledge that this is going on doesn't help the poor child to carry out her part of the performance.

Every day I am gaining in respect for the old sages. How they summed it all up in such phrases as: "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country."

Do you suppose they had had bitter experience and found the truth of that statement?

Did you ever read Booth Tarkington's "The Conquest of Canada"? If you haven't, get it. Get it, and ponder on the hard truths the tale reveals.

It is the experience of the prophet all over again, also the vindication of the axiom, "Give a dog a bad name."

"Joe Loudon" was the dog in question. A big, kindly, awkward lad, full of fun and mischief, generous to a fault, but who was constantly breaking the eleven commandment—"Thou shalt not get found out."

Because the Canaanites had known him from babyhood up, knew of his pranks, knew, too, of his poverty, in time they began to tag him with the name, "bad boy."

It was surprising how the thing caught on.

One day an occasion arose when Joe could be made a black sheep of. That day they crucified him and named the boy "running away from home."

"It was an eventful hour which there was neither sack-cloth or surprise. But, after all, it was with the ladies of a community that reputations finally rest, (is it?) and the matrons of Canaan had long ago made Joe's exceedingly uncertain. Now they made it certain."

"In time the precise nature of the fugitive's sins was distorted in report and grew vague; it was recalled that he had done dread things; he became a tradition, a legend, a warning to the young; a Richard in the bush to frighten children. He was preached at boys caught playing marbles 'for keens.' "Do you want to grow up like Joe Loudon?"

The very name became a darkling threat, and children of the town would have run had one called suddenly, "Here comes Joe Loudon!"

Thus does the evil men do live


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after them, and the ill fame of the unrighteous increase when they are sped.

Very little of Joe's wanderings during his time of wandering is revealed to us. He always (this poor lad with a bad name) had an unwilling memory for pain and was not afterwards wont to speak of those years which cut the hard lines in his face.

But one day he came back. Thank God he was man enough to come back, and there in Canaan fought it out to a finish. Not by whimpering, not with any influence, just man to man, with one brave girl to help keep up his heart.

You couldn't keep Joe Loudon down. You can't keep any man. Listen to the finale, the scene laid on the day the boy with the bad name stood up in court and made an undying name for himself, as the most brilliant orator and lawyer the county had ever produced.

In the corridor he found (incidentally the same people who a month back "hadn't seen him" in the streets) clients, acquaintances, friends; old friends, new friends, and friends he had never seen before—everybody beaming upon him and wringing his hand, as if they had been sure of it all from the start.

"Know him?" said one to another. "Why I've known him since he was that high! Smart little feller he was too!" This was a total stranger.

"I said years ago"—thus Mr. Brown, proving his prophetic vision, "that he'd turn out to be a big man some day."

But even this late praise never took the ache out of Joe Loudon's heart, or the lines of those wandering years kinder than one's own home folks.

How many boys and girls with broken hearts, roaming the wide, wide world, can attest to the truth of this.

"There's no place like home!"

Yes, but sometimes a flower of encouragement is worth a bushel of brick-bats and this is my excuse for a tenderer handling of home-products.

CHARGING THE JURY

By some twist of the election an old negro had been elected to the office of justice of the peace in a little backwoods district in Tennessee. His first case happened to be one in which the defendant asked for a trial by jury. When the testimony was all in, the lawyers waited for the judge to give his instructions to the jury. The new justice seemed embarrassed. Finally one of the lawyers whispered to him that it was time to charge the jury. He heaved one hand into the front of his coat, hunched his voice, and said:

"Gent'm'n ob de jury, sence dis am-a-pully small case, Ah'll on'y charge yo' a dollah n' a half apiece."

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of their dangerous visitor, who drank three bottles of champagne in enforced silence, for no one would answer him when he spoke. When he had gone it was agreed that half a dozen stout constables should be in waiting the next evening to bear him off to the watch house if he attempted again to intrude, but Mr. Fitzgerald, aware of the reception he might get, never did.

Elsewhere in the book the author places on record the greatest instance of blackballing probably ever known. It took place some years ago at a women's club, where on candidate received three more black balls than there were members.

The Lover on the Links

Now all delights of living meet
When I behold her thus, my

Planting with care her dainty feet,
Swinging the driver high,
On me she throws one radiant
glance,
Then eagerly she smiles (her
stance
Is rotten, by-the-by).

She's missed! Ah, well, the love
I bear
Can pardon that, with some to
spare
(Confound that silly rotter there
Grimacing like one insane).
Her eyes grow bright, her temples
flush,
The club swoops downward with
a rush,
Moses! She's missed again!

Have I done well to bring her
here,
Exposed to every idle jeer,
Causing strange wrinkles to ap-
pear
Upon the caddie's brow?
Consume ass (for such I am),
I might have realized—Oh—
She's smashed the driver
now!

How different was the game she
played
When love's first spell on me she
laid!
No ineffective strokes she made;
The day that feat was done;
Fixing it with a keen regard
She hit the helpless object hard,
And did the whole in one.
—London Punch.

A young Canadian went to an American city to spend the holidays with a pretty cousin and her family. As he was motoring with his pretty cousin one afternoon she said to him: "Do you have reindeer in Canada?" "No darling," he answered quickly, "at this season it always snows."

"You go round borrowing money, and yet you seem to be prosperous."
"Am."
"My motto is, 'Always put off till to-morrow those you have done to-day.'"

At the Sheffield choir concert the other day a young man insisted on talking all the time to a young lady beside him. He always anticipated the performers and finally held his hand to his mouth as he said in an undertone—

"Deary, did you ever try to listen to music with your eyes shut? Its heavenly."

Thereupon a man in the row behind leaned forward and said: "Young man you just ought to try it with your mouth shut."

A judge entered a restaurant. "Will you try our turtle soup, sir?" asked the waiter.
"I have tried," said the judge "and my verdict is that the turtle has proved an alibi."

"I know Ames comes in for a lot of praise because he hunts with a camera instead of a gun," Forbes began, in a slightly acid tone. "It never seems to strike people that there may be more than one kind of brutality."
"What's the matter with Ames?" demanded one of those on the club-house porch.
"Up in Canada last fall," Forbes readily resumed, "I went off by myself one day, and I stumbled full on a black bear. Because I was the only thing in sight, very likely, I became the

(Continued on page twelve)

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Every citizen of Edmonton who believes the obvious facts of the Edmonton Portland Cement Company will have shares to the extent of his ability to purchase without delay. Just at present a few are being deterred in subscribing because the enterprise has such splendid possibilities. In other words, there are those who will buy stock that can only pay a four per cent dividend but will not buy stock that will pay a forty per cent dividend. This is a very good doctrine for the man who "has got in" for himself, but for the man who has not, the following article, No. 8, contains information worth while.

ARTICLE NUMBER EIGHT

The promise of great gains is sometimes looked upon with distrust, and justly so, for there are yet those going up and down the land in quest of gold whose only weapon of warfare is that with which Sampson slew the Philistines. But to the sensible business man, who has learned to respect the value of facts, the promotion of shares in the Amalgamated Blue Sky Syndicate Unlimited, is but feeble argument against a solid and substantial business proposition that assures him of a safe and profitable return on his investment.

As a matter of fact there is more hope for the man who has papered the walls of his inner sanctum with shares in the Great Untamed Feline Companies Consolidated than for the man who will not believe the multiplication table above the sixes. There is some hope for Mr. E. Z. Mark, but none at all for the man whose soul is soured by distrust. The fellow who forever plays the watchdog over his own purse is barking around a hole that the game of opportunity "passed up" a long while ago.

The real sport is the fellow who knows game when he finds it and sticks to the trail. An old wisecrack down in Maryland used to have a saying, "Believe your beliefs and doubt your doubts; but don't believe your doubts and doubt your beliefs." There is a world of wisdom in this. Josh Billings used to say: "It is better not to know so much than to know so many things that ain't so." Success is the simplest thing in the world and failure the most difficult. No man ever made a failure in life who did not make himself and every one else trouble enough for a dozen successes. Success follows knowing something that is worth while—and KNOWING IT.

George Gould's chef can neither sing like Caruso nor play the fiddle like Paganini, nor dance like the great Mordkin, he can't even write a grammatical sentence in the English language, but he can make a salad that is a dream, and he gets \$10,000 a year for that.

It is the simple facts that lie at the bottom of everything worth while. The greatest man the American nation has produced was as simple as a child. One time a committee of reformers called on the great Abe and presented a huge memorial setting forth how the war of the States could be immediately brought to an end and all the mistakes of his administration remedied forthwith. The great man listened in cross-legged patience for about two hours while the ponderous leaders of the crusaders asked: "Now, Mr. President, what do you think of that?" the inimitable rail-splitter replied: "Well, for anybody that likes that sort of thing, that's just about what he would like." And tradition has it that he forthwith ordered another cask of "Scotch" sent to Grant.

The great negro preacher, John Jasper, used to say: "There are only two kinds of sense, common sense and nonsense." What a pity it is that we are so slow to apply the principles of common sense to the simple facts that make men honest, capable, efficient and rich. A great economist of profound learning recently said this: "If the civilized world would only follow the simple lines of common sense and obvious facts and opportunity for just one generation, and do nothing else, poverty would be forever banished from the earth."

It is to apply the principles of "common sense" to the "obvious facts" of the Edmonton Portland Cement Company that this article is written:

They are these:

(1) Portland Cement is the most universally used construction material which the world has ever known. Its production has increased twenty-two thousand per cent. in twenty years. 74,000,000 barrels were consumed in 1910, and at the average rate of increase in the past ten years, the demand will increase to 200,000,000 barrels by 1912.

(2) The Edmonton Portland Cement Co. owns what is believed to be the largest marl deposit on the

American continent, with an adjoining bed of fine blue clay far greater in extent than will ever be required. The materials which are now in evidence are sufficient to produce at least 12,500,000 barrels of Portland Cement in the next twenty years.

(3) By reason of its remarkable NATURAL advantages the Edmonton Portland Cement Company can produce Portland Cement at 78 cents per barrel. The disadvantages of its competitors, such as having to ship one or both of their materials, and heavy freight charges from Eastern mills, has fixed the price of Portland Cement in the Edmonton district at not less than \$3.05 per barrel. And the price will never be less for the reason that as the demand increases the price will also advance by reason of the increasing disadvantages of new mills.

(4) The market in the Edmonton district alone is greater than the capacity of the proposed plant of the Edmonton Portland Cement Company by about 100,000 barrels per annum. Therefore, the Company can sell its entire output at its mill doors to the choicest trade of its district.

(5) What remains is a simple problem in Arithmetic. The plant of the Edmonton Portland Cement Company will produce a minimum of 312,000 barrels of Portland Cement per year at a manufactured cost of 78 cents per barrel, and sell its output at a minimum price of \$3.05 cents per barrel. Allowing 25 cents per barrel for freight charges, this makes the net profit on a year's operations \$630,240.00.

Therefore the Edmonton Portland Cement Company, Limited, should pay an annual dividend of 40 per cent. on its stock; its shares should go to \$200 in two years and to \$500 in three years; and every citizen of Edmonton who has \$100 of idle money should have shares in this great Edmonton Enterprise immediately. Stock books open for subscription at the parlor of the King Edward Hotel. Shares are \$100 and reasonable terms of payment can be arranged.

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JASPER'S NOTE BOOK

(Continued from page one)

rive an impetus from the rejection of this treaty, and if we would have reciprocity we must take it now or give it up for ever."

Such an utterance must cause grave disquiet to those who look to the strengthening of the imperial bond. The only effective answer to it is a straight declaration in favor of an extension of the British preference. But this Mr. Borden did not give at Ottawa nor has he held out hope, either before or since that he would. If he fails to do so, he will lose the greatest opportunity in his career of placing his party on the certain highroad to success. Adopting this stand, his western progress could easily be made a triumphal procession. If he does not, he had better stay in the east, as his visit will be one of the most dismal chapters in Canadian political history.

The hearing of the charges against the city commissioners which commenced on Monday has brought out nothing startling. The straight kind of a case will have to be made out to justify the majority of the council at this stage in the season's work taking steps to get rid of Messrs. Bouillon and Butchart.

The Edmonton Board of Trade does well to protest against the proposal that such bodies should help in the work of census enumeration. The only hope of having the census an absolutely correct one is to leave it in the hands of those who are responsible to the bureau at Ottawa alone. Just how the Board of Trade could in any case supplement the work of the enumerators and allow the latter to fulfil their sworn obligations is not at all clear.

With the amalgamation of Edmonton and Strathcona, the united city will assume the obligations of the latter municipality in regard to the hospital which is to be erected on the university campus, with the object of having it connected with the medical school which will ultimately come into existence there.

It is only two years since the proposition that Edmonton should join with the university in working out its hospital plans aroused so much antagonism that it had to be abandoned. The idea of an Edmonton institution being located in Strathcona was denounced as preposterous. Now after this short space of time we are preparing to go ahead with the enterprise. It is true that what will be a much larger institution, for some time at least, is being erected on the Edmonton side. But it is quite safe to say that ultimately that on the university campus will occupy the premier place. One cannot examine the experience of the larger municipalities of the continent without realizing this, and it would have been much better to have framed our hospital policy having regard to this inevitable result.

In the meanwhile, however, it is satisfactory to know that the buildings up First Street are progressing satisfactorily and that before very long this great public need will be properly supplied.

The death of Mr. M. Evanston O'Brien of Wetaskiwin removes one of the best known and most picturesque figures in Alberta. He had an experience of life on very many sides and in many parts of the world. For a long while he was a member of the detective force of the Australian constabulary and his reminiscences in that connection were most fascinating, as anyone who has had the pleasure of sitting an evening out with him before a grate fire will testify. He came to this part of Alberta with the Klondike rush and began the practice of law in Wetaskiwin in the early years of that town. He was an occasional contributor to The Saturday News, his topical verse being exceedingly clever.

Th gas proposition is still in the air. While the proposed bargain with the International company looks like good business, it is the obviously proper thing to do to see what the company rep-

resented by Mr. Coates has to offer. Between the two, the city could be able to secure excellent terms and if these are possible, it would be most unwise to launch out on a municipal enterprise.

Active steps are being taken at last to secure plans for a city hall. There should be no delay in getting on with these. At best, we shall have a hard problem on our hands looking after the different departments of the city's service before the new structure can be completed.

The committee of the Board of Trade having in hand the subject of city planning has brought an excellent report along the lines of Mr. Gibbs' recent articles in The Saturday News. Opinion is becoming stronger each day in favor of a definite move along these lines and the board can render very valuable service in bringing about the adoption of a settled and far-reaching policy.

Interest in higher educational matters has been stimulated during the past week by the closing exercises in connection with the university and Alberta College. The graduation of the first students at the former was an event of significance. Dr. Tory and his associates are doing good work and are entitled to the most thoroughgoing support. Considering the influences that have been brought to bear against the university, it has made a wonderfully good start. It should receive the loyal encouragement of the people of the province and of the city in which it is placed, to all of whom it must in the course of time mean a great deal.

IN THE GLORY OF THE MORNING

The morning sun touches the field that yesterday was bare and brown and ten thousand dew drops, supported on stems of vivid green, shimmer with a brilliance unequalled by the most costly jewels of India. Nature stretches an unseen hand over the top of the giant elm in the low lying pasture, and the stark barrenness of winter is covered with an emerald wreath. From the dark recesses of the spruce a thousand songsters come forth to join in the song of the morning. A flash of black and gold tells of the return of the oriole to the nesting place in the apple orchard. On cherry, and plum, and peach, and pear, uncounted buds are filling with the new country life that presently will burst forth in overwhelming billows of pink and white. Here and there dun colors still remain; but even here, in the mellow soil that seems to melt under one's feet, there is promise of reward from death to life. Presently this yellow thread will form in parts of this rich seed-bed, sturdy shoots will spring up in other parts, and the annual miracle of the corn and the mangle will again be wrought out before our eyes. The lake, seen in the distance from the hill-top no longer appears cold and repellent, but in accents melodious answers to the call of the south wind in the top of the swaying pine. On a thousand hills cattle, freed from the confinement of winter, revel in warmth and freedom.

All things, animate and inanimate, rejoice together. For what? The darkness of Nature's Night has passed; the glory of the New Day has dawned upon the world. —Toronto Sun.

FAR-FETCHED INTERPRETATION

It was left for a Kansas representative in Congress to discover a blanket method for preserving bird life. His contention is that the flight of migratory birds in the spring and fall comes under the classification of inter-state commerce, and may be regulated by the Federal Government, under the provisions of the constitution. The same as railroad traffic. He has introduced a bill in the House to prohibit the killing of birds engaged in flying across State lines between January 10 and August 15 each year. He makes the penalty for the first offence a fine between \$100 and \$1,000, and for the second offence imprisonment of not less than 30 days nor more than six months.—Springfield Republican.

Helping the Militia

Among civilized people there seem to be two schools of thought regarding the question of defence. The one school consisting for the most part of sentimentalists, who ignore the characteristics of human nature, and repudiate the teachings of history, claim that the proper method to follow in defending a country against aggression is to hold out the olive branch and make no provision whatever for warding off an attack. They are convinced, apparently, that peace resolutions, sermons, and newspaper articles will protect them sufficiently, and nothing further needs to be done. These people say they do not believe in war, and having made no preparation there will be no war. If indications were needed to prove the decadence of a people and their unfitness for responsibilities and obligations that are necessarily imposed on civilized races, who are presumed to be leaders in the development of mankind, such indications are provided abundantly by the attitude of mind and the methods of thinking of these people who are sentimentally advocating peace.

Another school of thought consists of those who believe no less thoroughly in peace, but who do not ignore the characteristics of human nature and who believe that the teachings of history are of some value in working out the problems of modern life. This school is often misjudged, frequently abused, and generally hated by the more selfish group of individuals who cater to the ignorance and prejudice of the crowd. King Edward, who will go down to history as "The Peacemaker," because he was a practical statesman, and worked on practical lines for something more than sentimental good-will, spoke an axiom when he said: "Readiness for defence is the strongest of the safeguards for peace." Following his lead and that of other prominent statesmen and thinkers of modern times various leagues have been formed throughout the British Empire for the express purpose of educating the people of a proper appreciation of their national responsibilities in maintaining the Empire, primarily in the interests of security and permanent world peace.

The first object of the Canadian Defence League is stated to be "to awaken the public mind to the serious importance of national defence, and to aid in bringing about the most effective and economical system to that end." The public mind in Canada needs awakening regarding national defence. One cannot read the daily newspapers or listen to addresses made from platform and pulpit without being thoroughly convinced that our people are living in a fool's paradise and have practically no conception of the hazardous position they occupy because of the inadequacy of their defence forces. The present system is not effective, and considering the results, is by no means economical. These facts are apparent on examination of our militia system especially when it is compared with the defence systems of such countries as Switzerland and Norway. But in the meantime the militia system is all that we have. General French when he inspected the troops of Canada last year pointed out most emphatically that we were not living up to our privileges in trying to make the system we had effective for the purpose intended. In other words, he thought that before condemning the system outright we should give it a fair trial. This, of course, we are not doing. The reason is sent in the sentiment of the country is against militia service. We have at the present time the legal machinery necessary to provide a fairly efficient defence force, but no government without the support of public opinion dare attempt to put that legal machinery into operation. We are informed that it is the intention of the authorities to carry

out the plans suggested by General French. How far they will succeed in so doing remains to be seen. Militia officers are generally agreed that it cannot be done. They may be mistaken. It is hoped they are.

The membership of the League may perform a distinct service by doing everything in their power to assist the militia. They should be able to create a body of public opinion that would encourage the manhood of the country to join the Militia and go to the annual camps for training. This is a national necessity; moreover, it is an imperial necessity. Unless the young men respond and the various units of the Militia can be maintained, the future of the country will be placed in jeopardy. The fact cannot be too strongly emphasized that it is the duty of every citizen of military age and sound physique to be trained for national defence and to take part in it should an emergency arise.

Only a few days ago when the students of Yale University thought that the United States intended to make war on Mexico, they circulated a petition in which they asked the Government of the United States to accept an organization for volunteer service made up of students of the University. This is an expression of illogical patriotism, and is characteristic not only of the young men of the neighboring republic, but of our own. The spirit may be commendable, but the necessity for military service does not begin or end when war is imminent or in progress. The time when men can best show their highest patriotism is in peace when the incentive for war and the immediate peril are lacking. Any kind of a cowardly and selfish individual may be pushed forward by local sentiment and excitement to join an army during war, but it takes a genuine patriot to serve in the volunteer forces of the country during peace, as a preparation for war. We all know that thousands of individuals are willing to volunteer when an emergency arises, but their usefulness is pitiful. They are a burden rather than a help to the country. What we need is genuine patriotism which will drive our Canadian young men into the ranks of the Militia when there is no prospect of war. The League through its membership may do untold good by bringing pressure to bear on those who are available for military service that they may realize and discharge the obligations they have to their country and their King.—Canadian Field.

SONG OF THE WISE

The make of the machine
Is taught to us.
Touring or Limousine,
Electric—gasoline,
Small or commodious,
Once we are placed inside
No trifle mars,
Who would elect to ride
In others' cars.

The bursting of a tire
But wakes our mirth;
Let others in the mire
Drag, hammer and perspire
Prone on earth.
They but arouse our wit,
These trifling jars,
We who elect to sit
In others' cars.

We are a folk serene
Of mien benign;
We buy no gasoline,
Though justice intervene
We pay no fine,
Let some their wagons hitch
Unto the stars,
We still prefer our niche
In others' cars.
—Theodosius Garrison, in Life.

BORN

BORN—on the 18th inst. to Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Mighell, of Saskatchewan Ave., a daughter.

AT LAST, A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

"Fruit-a-lives Cured Me" Says Mrs. Butler. "I was a helpless cripple from Rheumatism for nearly a year. All down the right side, the pain was dreadful and I could not move for the agony. I was treated by two physicians without help. I saw 'Fruit-a-lives' advertised in 'The Telegram' and decided to try them. After I had taken one box, I was much better. When I had taken three boxes, I could use my arm and the pain was almost gone. After taking five boxes, I was entirely well again. The cure of my case by 'Fruit-a-lives' was indeed splendid because all the doctors failed to even relieve me. 'Fruit-a-lives' cured me. Mrs. LIZZIE BAXTER. A HOME PLACE, TORONTO, Dec. 15, '09."



In hundreds of other cases, "Fruit-a-lives" has given exactly the same satisfactory results because "Fruit-a-lives" is the greatest blood purifying medicine in the world. "Fruit-a-lives" the famous fruit medicine regulates kidneys, liver, bowels and skin, and prevents the accumulation of uric acid, which is the prime cause of Rheumatism. "Fruit-a-lives" will positively cure every case of Rheumatism, when taken according to directions. See a box, 5 for 25, or trial size, 25c. At all dealers or from Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.



The Original and Only Genuine. Beware of imitations. Sold on the Merit of Minard's Liniment.

DRINK HYGEIA DISTILLED WATER

And take no chances

Of all Grocers and Druggists

J. J. McLaughlin Ltd.

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IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD (Continued from page three)

"In the days of the old Toronto Athletic Club, the city was fairly overrun with boxers great and small," says Mr. Frank Nelson, the veteran Toronto writer, recently. "There were many boxing schools, and the ambition of many a young man was to be a second Sullivan, a McCoy or a Corbett. One boy in whom I was much interested had an idea that he could fight, and one night he invited me down to see him in action."

"As this boy went into the ring he beckoned the referee over to his corner and asked him to make an announcement. The referee, the late Frank Passmore of Hamilton was willing, and said: 'Mr. Glynn asks me to say this is his first appearance in any ring.' 'In about seven seconds my boy friend was lying flat on his back with small chances of getting his feet for an hour or two. He was badly hurt physically, but his mind was clear. He whispered something to the referee, and this officer stopped the count."

"Mr. Glynn wishes to supplement his announcement of a few seconds ago," said the referee, addressing the crowd. "This is not only his first but absolutely his last appearance in the ring."

The great event of the Canadian racing year, the King's Plate, will be run a week hence. The colt which has attracted most attention is St. Bass, owned by Giddings of Oakville. The fact that new owners each year seem to have more of a look-in makes the race of more interest than in the old days when Seagram seemed unbeatable, with Hendrie his only possible rival. The Seagram hope this year is Havrook, while the Hendrie and Mackenzie stables are counting on Powderman and Miss Maritima.

The Rutherford Cup for school soccer stays in Red Deer, Edmonton's visit to the southern town resulting in a tie. The visitors were the offensive throughout and were generally conceded to be the better team.

The squabbles that take place over association football in this country are becoming proverbial. We know a good deal about them in this part of the Dominion and the following from the Toronto Star has accordingly much interest:

"As usual," says the Star, "the soccer people are mixed up in a squabble. Show me anything that looks like a big thing in soccer around this country and I'll show you internal bickering. Now that S.A. Parker and Bill Hilton, and the rest of the people who compose this Canadian Football Association have made a move that looks as if it will result in bringing the famous Corinthian team of England here, the usual scrap is in progress."

"It doesn't seem to make a bit of difference who tries to do anything in the soccer line around here, the same jealous crops up. That is what keeps soccer from being a popular game here. A game for the spectators it is O.K., but Canucks will not stand this eternal squabbling that has marked the game here for many years. If the Canucks took control of the situation the Old Countrymen were always bickering with them, and if the Old Countrymen controlled the league executives, why, the Canucks lacked confidence in them. Now here is a chance for the game to get one great big boost in Toronto and get a good hold, and the same white arises."

"The T. and D. League will not, or cannot, put up the guarantee necessary to bring the Corinthians here. Yet when the Canadian Football Association starts to do something they start an anvil chorus."

"Who in tarnation cares who the Canadian Football Association is as long as they bring the big games here, and give the public a well-handled game? The trouble is some one is afraid that some one will make a dollar or two. They can't handle the project themselves, and they won't let those who can do it. There isn't a mint of money in these games—a bad day would put the backers of the Toronto

end in the hole for a thousand dollars. If they make a thousand on a fine day they are wonders. Let them alone, and let us have some real top-notch football. Pull together. Don't knock."

The proposed schedule for the Corinthians includes a game at Edmonton on Aug. 24, and one at Calgary on Aug. 26. The visitors plan to go to the coast and then back home through American cities. The first game is to be played in Toronto on Aug. 5th.

The show under the auspices of the Edmonton Kennel Club on Aug. 24, at the Exhibition grounds promises to be a decided success. James Frost, whose home is now in Edmonton, but who has officiated at shows in all parts of the Empire, will act as judge. Mr. G. B. Fraser is the energetic secretary. He reports entries coming in rapidly.

Bowling and tennis enthusiasts will be in luck in Strathcona this season. A clubhouse is being erected out at the City Park and grounds for both games being rapidly put into shape.

We are accustomed to having Philadelphia near the top of the American League but is rather a new sensation to have a team from that city leading in the National. Writing for Collier's at the opening of the season Herbert S. Reed gave some idea of what might be expected. He said:

"The real puzzle in the National League is found in the Philadelphia team. There is no denying the strength of this assemblage of ball players, but whether the team will prove a steady aspirant for the pennant or only a serious trouble-maker for the leaders is even beyond guessing. Red Dooin, a good playing manager, has had his troubles in the past with discordant elements, and it begins to look as if his trade with Cincinnati not only rid him of the trouble-makers but also added first-class ball player to his roster. Certainly in the early games the new additions showed up as well as any other members of the team. Lobert and Paskert have made good from the start. They are natural players of the best type, and apparently they are happier in their new surroundings than they ever could have been in Cincinnati. McQuillen, who made so much trouble for in Philadelphia last year, has made a good start for Griffith, and Bates, if he is properly handled, may turn out as good a batting average as Paskert, but this is doubtful save under the most favorable conditions. Philadelphia has a slashing outfield, good pitchers—Rowan, one of the men engaged in the trade with the Reds, not the least of them—and is in good physical trim for a fast start and a consistent showing, with anything like a fair break of the luck."

To those outside London, the Varsity and colleges generally, the annual race between the champion eights of Oxford and Cambridge has little interest. To the Londoner, it is with the Derby, a sporting event of the year, to be faithfully attended if possible, but at least commented on and discussed weeks before the day.

Reminiscences of England's great aquatic events are always interesting, and the yearly contests have from time to time given occasion for incidents spectacular and varied.

From Putney to Mortlake, a distance of over four miles, sixteen perfectly trained athletes, exulting in their science and strength to get to the goal first.

"A straight race sir!" "Sir, it is a straight race, and the best crew wins," once said that prince of sportsmen, the late Lord Derby.

A track of over four miles on a winding river towing paths and houses intersected each side, lined with thousands of excited, yelling partisans of the light or dark blue, cheering their crew onto victory, as they strenuously put forth spurt after spurt to gain the ascendancy.

It is usually the case, whichever crew 'shorts' Hammersmith Bridge first, wins. This bridge is about a mile from the start.

In the eighties Oxford led easily in 'shorting' the bridge and it looked like a walk over for them, but on nearing Barnes (three and

a half miles from the start) No. 7 in the crew broke his oar, which to all intents placed him hors de combat, but with wonderful presence of mind he kept moving in perfect rhythm with the rest of the crew, and whilst of no assistance, was no obstruction, and in spite of the terrific spurt put on by Cambridge, whose Cox saw the accident, and encouraged his crew with the news, Oxford got going just enough to win by a nose.

That was a memorable race and many were the mysterious stories afloat about the oar having been tampered with by a certain individual who stood to win a fortune in wagers if Oxford were defeated.

Another stirring race which thrilled the spectators to a delirium of frenzied excitement, was the year that the rival crews finished dead level. They shot the bridge nose to nose, and continued locked together in this manner to within a few yards of the winning post, when Oxford came with a final effort which was responded to by Cambridge, the result being declared a dead heat by the judge, who was unable to separate them.

On another occasion the Oxford boat was 'spilled,' i.e., sank and the never-to-be-forgotten sight was witnessed of the crew floundering in the Thames, the only result of the 'disaster' being a ducking.

COVER POINT

THE LOUNGER

(Continued from page nine.)

immediate object of her attention. I had only a slight lead, but I was going pretty well when Ames poked through the brush and took in the situation.

"Hold on there, old chap," he yelled. "You're too far ahead. I can't get you both in."—Youth's Companion.

The Greens had a new piano, and Eleanor was telling Mildred and the girls across the street about it.

"What's the name of your piano?" Mildred inquired of the girl across the street.

"The name of ours is Pickering," said Mildred.

"Well, ours just came last night," piped Eleanor, "and we haven't named it yet."

The Willoughbys had said good-bye to Mrs. Kent. Then Mr. Willoughby spoke thoughtfully:

"It was pleasant of her to say that about wishing she could see more of people like us, who are interested in real things, instead of the foolish round of gayety that takes up so much of her time and gives her so little satisfaction, wasn't it?"

His wife stole a sidewise glance at his gruffed face, and a satirical smile crossed her own countenance.

"Very pleasant, George," she said clearly. "But what I knew she meant, and what she knew she meant, was that my walking-ski is an inch too long and my sleeves are old style, and your coat, poor dear, is beginning to look shiny in the back."

"Why—what—how—" began Mr. Willoughby helplessly; then he shook his head and gave it up.

A well-known minister, called to other duties, preached his last sermon before the installation of his successor. The local weekly, paper, announcing the order of services, gave it as follows: "Sermon by the Rev.—: solo and quartet. 'Hushed at Length.'"

Mr. Hitchcock, the news editor of the great daily had only the Junior reporter at hand, and news of a shooting case had come in.

A man had married a girl at four o'clock, the afternoon before, and at eight the same evening had shot at her five times.

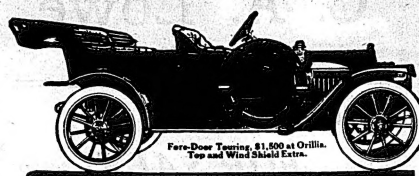
"What shall I do?" asked the reporter.

"Get an interview from the girl," said Hitchcock.

"But I don't know what to ask her," objected the reporter.

Hitchcock got up from his chair, walked over to the wall, and beat his head against the plaster three times. "I don't think you understand," he told the youth with as much patience as he could muster. "Married at 4 and shot

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Road performance, low up-keep and tire cost, dependability of action and every assurance of long life that skill and experience can devise, have been built into the "Everitt" as in no other car of its type. Behind this, if you buy a car on the wise basis of service, the "Everitt" has a 2 Years Guarantee and ample "Special Tudhope Equipment," including Extra Tire. These are insurances and safeguards that make every "Everitt" claim provable by every owner on the road and, better yet, "Tudhope Service" protects that owner after he buys.

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at five times at 8. Go and get the story."

"Well, what shall I ask her?" queried the reporter.

Hitchcock looking pained and grieved, said, "Ask her whether she considers the conduct of her husband an insult or merely studied indifference?"—London Opinion.

Well Known Old Names Pass Out of Existence

With the adoption of a new schedule on the C.P.R. system on June 4, the familiar names of No. 96 and No. 97 will be dropped, and the trains will in future be known as Nos. 3 and 4 respectively. The other two trains and 2, will remain unchanged.

The names, Nos. 96 and 97, have been used for so long that almost any Westerner who has resided within a comfortable distance of the railroad, has become familiar with them, and it hardly seems possible that even though the railway company may gazette them as Nos. 3 and 4, the public will make the change as readily, and it may be a long time before the familiar names of No. 96 and No. 97 will die out.

The number 96 is supposed to denote the time occupied in making the journey from Vancouver to Montreal when the C.P.R. first instituted a fast service across the continent, and No. 97 is supposed to denote the time occupied in making the journey from Montreal to Vancouver. Not only have the numbers applied to the trains running through this city on their journey right across the continent been ordered to be changed, but numbers 94 and 95 from Toronto to Winnipeg will be known after June 1 as numbers 5 and 6, respectively. Numbers 94 and 95 derived their names shortly after the across continent trains were numbered.—Regina Standard.

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3:00 p.m. Lv. Winnipeg Arr. 4:30 p.m. 5:21 a.m. Arr. Saskatoon 7:22 a.m. Saskatoon 10:05 p.m. 8:15 p.m. Edmonton Lv. 9:30 a.m.

Standard Sleepers, Parlor Car Cars serving meals a la carte, Day Coaches.

EDMONTON AND EDSON

Daily Except Sunday

6:30 a.m. Lv. Edmonton Arr. 10:05 p.m. 1:00 p.m. Arr. Edson Lv. 3:30 p.m.

Rates, reservations and all particulars from G.T.P. agents.



Motor Vehicles Act Regulations Governing Permits, Renewals and Transfers

Pursuant to Section 3 of the Motor Vehicles Act, the following regulations have been adopted by the Lieutenant Governor in Council governing the issuing of permits and renewals and transfers thereof.

1. The following fees shall be paid to the Department of the Provincial Secretary for Motor Vehicle permits, renewals and transfers: For permit on first application... \$3.00 For permit to manufacturer on first application... 2.00 For annual renewal of each permit... 2.00 For transfer of permit... 1.00

2. In a change of ownership of a registered Motor Vehicle the permit shall go with the Vehicle and notice of such change of ownership shall be given within twenty-four hours by the person to whom such change of ownership is transferred to the Department of the Provincial Secretary together with the full name and address of the purchaser and the purchaser shall forthwith pay the transfer fee.

3. A number corresponding to that of the permit shall be stamped only upon the Motor Vehicle in respect of which the permit was issued. 4. A permit may be issued to a manufacturer or dealer in Motor Vehicles upon payment of the fee herebefore provided, and such permit shall apply to any Motor Vehicle which said manufacturer or dealer may produce or sell at any time and term of the said permit hold for sale and not for private use or hire. 5. Such permit may be renewed from year to year upon the terms set out in Section 2. 6. If for any reason any permit issued under the Motor Vehicle Act is not renewed, the Provincial Secretary may, at any time, cancel any person violating any of the provisions of the Act shall upon summary conviction before a Justice of the Peace be liable to a penalty not exceeding fifty dollars, and in default of payment, one month's imprisonment. T. THORNDIKE, Deputy Provincial Secretary.

